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History of Brazil. By Robert Southey. Part the First. 4to.
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WE regret that the multiplied demands on our time have prevented us from bestowing earlier attention on this historical work by Mr. Southey, of which the continuation has lately been announced to be in forwardness. Whether that gentleman will consider it as a compliment or not, we have no hesitation in saying that we like him much better as an historian than as a poet; and though we do not altogether agree with him respecting the mode of writing history, we are well aware of the value which ought to be attached to his extensive erudition and indefatigable spirit of research: qualities which, however unpopular may be the form of a book, enable an author to render a lasting service to the cause of truth, and to lay the basis of at least an eventual reputation. A history of Brazil is not, indeed, the subject to which we should have wished the labour of a trust-worthy historian to have been, by preference, directed, since much that it more nearly concerns us to know remains unexplored: but we were, on second thoughts, reconciled to this application of Mr. Southey's time, by a consideration of the aptitude for the task which he had acquired by a residence in Portugal, and a predilection for the history of that country.

The plan of this narrative is not strictly confined to Brazil, but Mr. S. relates also the foundation and progress of the adjacent Spanish provinces, so that the country described may be said to reach all the way from the river Amazons to that of la Plata; and hence arises the introduction of the naviga-

tion of the former river by the Spanish adventurers, which forms one of the most interesting topics in the book. The period comprehended in this first volume completely extends from the early part of the 16th century to the year 1640, the epoch of the reinstatement of the house of Braganza on the throne of Portugal. The successive and gradually increasing establishments of the Portuguese in Brazil owed their origin chiefly to the exertion of individuals; and, stimulated as the latter were by avarice and ambition, their conduct had perhaps less mischievous influence than that of their government, who seemed to interfere only to sow the seeds of disunion between the settlers and the natives: which was effected in two ways; first, by sending abroad convicted delinquents as colonists; and afterward, when the country appeared more important, by giving encouragement, on an impolitic plan, to adventurers of rank. This plan consisted in forming the unoccupied territory into provinces, under the name of captaincies; each of which was committed to the hereditary government of the nobleman who undertook to conquer and settle it: but the scheme proved in several instances unsuccessful, and in others a source of oppression, so that it became necessary to recall the authority of these provincial rulers, and to subject the whole of Brazil to the control of one governor. With regard to interference from the side of Europe with the Portuguese possession of Brazil, the first intruders were French Huguenots: but their attempts were of little moment when compared with the direct hostility of the Dutch, who considered themselves as justified in assailing Brazil, after the mother country had passed, in 1580, under the dominion of their mortal enemy Philip II. The attacks of the Dutch on Brazil were of very long duration; and here the materials for a history of that country are to be found in greater number than either before or since. It was not till the recovery of Portuguese independence, in 1640, that the warfare with the Dutch was definitively closed.

From this outline, it appears that the present publication comprehends somewhat less than half of the time during which Brazil has been a colony; so that ample matter remains for an additional volume. Of its nature as an historical subject, our readers may form their opinion from Mr. Southey's preamble.

"The history of Brazil is less beautiful than that of the mother country, and less splendid than that of the Portuguese in Asia; but it is not less important than either. Its materials differ from those of other histories: here are no tangles of crooked policy to unravel, no mysteries of state iniquity to elucidate, no revolutions

to record, nor victories to celebrate, the fame of which remains among us long after their effects have past away. Discovered by chance, and long left to chance, it is by individual industry and enterprise, and by the operation of the common laws of nature and society, that this empire has risen and flourished, extensive as it now is, and mighty as it must one day become. In the course of its annals, disgust and anger will oftener be felt than those exalted feelings which it is more grateful for the historian to excite. I have to speak of savages so barbarous that little sympathy can be felt for any sufferings which they endured, and of colonists in whose triumphs no joy will be taken, because they added avarice to barbarity; ignoble men, carrying on an obscure warfare, the consequences of which have been greater than were produced by the conquests of Alexander or Charlemagne, and will be far more lasting. Even the few higher characters which appear have obtained no fame beyond the limits of their own religion, scarcely beyond those of their language. Yet has the subject its advantages: the discovery of extensive regions; the manners and superstitions of uncivilized tribes; the efforts of the missionaries, in whom zeal the most fanatical was directed by the coolest policy; the rise and the overthrow of the extraordinary dominion which they established; and the progress of Brazil, from its feeble beginnings to the importance which it now possesses—these are topics of no ordinary interest."

We select the expedition down the river Amazons, as illustrative equally of Mr. Southey's mode of composition, and of the perils which were encountered by the adventurers of those days, in quest of golden regions. Though lately settled in Peru, the Spaniards were far from being satisfied; and those who had newly arrived were impatient to rival the fortune of their predecessors.

"When Pizarro had secured, as he imagined, the authority of his family in Peru, by the execution of his old friend and comrade and benefactor, Almagro, he gave the government of Quito to his brother Gonzalo, a man even more bloody and more infamous in history than himself. Eastward of that city there was said to be a rich country, which abounded with cinnamon; and Gonzalo, as soon as he reached his government, prepared to take possession of this land of spice, and then proceed and conquer El Dorado. There was no lack of adventurers for such an enterprise. He set out with about two hundred foot-soldiers, one hundred horse, four thousand Indians, to be used as beasts of burden for the army, and about four thousand swine and Indian sheep."

"After many sufferings, he found the spice trees;* their produce resembled the cinnamon of the East in taste, but was of inferior quality; in shape it is described as like an acorn cup, but

* "A missionary is at this time endeavouring to introduce the culture of the cinnamon among the Indians of Manoa. *Mercurio Peruano*." N. 153.

deeper, thicker, and of darker colour, approaching to black; they were in abundance, and those which were cultivated produced better spice than such as grew wild. The natives carried on a considerable trade in it with all the adjoining country, exchanging it for provisions, and the few articles of clothing which they used. They were a poor, unoffending people, contented with little. Their poverty at once disappointed and provoked Gonzalo; he inquired of them if these trees grew in any other country except their own. They replied that they did not, and this they knew because other tribes came to them for the produce. But when he asked what countries lay beyond them, and they could give no intelligence of El Dorado, the golden kingdom which he coveted, with the true spirit of a Pizarro—a name never to be uttered without abhorrence—he tortured them to extort a confession of what they did not know, and could have no motive to conceal, burnt some alive, and threw others alive to his dogs—blood-hounds, which were trained in this manner to feed upon human flesh!

“Gonzalo soon found the evil effects of his accursed cruelty. The tidings had spread from tribe to tribe, and when he inquired for the rich countries of which he was in search, the poor natives, not daring to contradict his hope, deluded him and sent him on.”

The march of the Spaniards was now one continued scene of suffering. It extended along the banks of the great river Coca, flowing to the eastward; and by way of lessening the labour of carrying the sick, they built, with great difficulty, a bark, to follow the course of the stream. This proved a considerable resource, but their hardships continued to be severe. They were told by the natives that, at the junction of this river with the Napo, between 200 and 300 miles farther on, they would come into a country of provisions: but this prospect of relief was remote, and famine already prevailed among them. They had been reduced to eat their war-dogs, and a thousand of the attendant Peruvians had already perished. Under this embarrassment, Gonzalo sent forwards Orellana, the second in command, in the bark, with 50 men, to the promised land of fertility at the point of junction, for the purpose of collecting provisions, and returning to meet the army. The river, being joined by many others, continued rapid in its course, and carried them to the point of conflux in three days: but here the country, like that which they had passed, was uncultivated, and even uninhabited. What, then, were they to do? to return against a strong current was scarcely possible; and, if they waited for the main body, they had no prospect but that of perishing through want. Orellana urged this powerful plea to his men, and had by that time conceived the adventurous hope of following this great river throughout the extent of the continent to the sea,

in the view of becoming the authorized conqueror of the countries which he should discover.

With this idea he formally renounced the commission which he had received from Gonzalo Pizarro, and obtained the command anew from the election of his men. From the point at which they now were, they had, as it afterwards proved, to perform a navigation of between 4,000 and 5,000 miles to the ocean.

“ It was upon the last day of December, 1541, that this voyage was begun, one of the most adventurous that has ever been enterprised. The little stock of provisions with which they had parted from the army was already exhausted, and they boiled their leathern girdles and the soles of their shoes with such herbs as seemed most eatable. On the eighth of January, when they had almost given up all hope of life, they heard, before day-light, an Indian drum—a joyful sound, for be the natives what they would, this they knew, that it must be their own fault now if they should die of hunger. At day-break, being eagerly upon the look-out, they perceived four canoes, which put back on seeing the brigantine; and presently they saw a village where a great body of the natives were assembled, and ready to defend it. The Spaniards were too hungry to negotiate. Orellana bade them land in good order and stand by each other; they attacked the Indians like men who were famishing and fought for food, put them presently to the rout, and found an immediate supply. While they were enjoying the fruits of their victory, the Indians took to their canoes, and came near them, more to gratify curiosity than resentment.—Orellana spake to them in some Indian language, which they partly understood; some of them took courage, and approached him; he gave them a few European trifles, and asked for their chief, who came without hesitation, was well pleased with the presents which were given him, and offered them any thing that it was in his power to supply. Provisions were requested, and presently peacocks, partridges, fish, and other things were brought in great abundance. The next day thirteen chiefs came to see the strangers; they were gayly adorned with feathers and gold, and had plates of gold upon the breast. Orellana received them courteously, required them to acknowledge obedience to the crown of Castile; took advantage, as usual, of their ignorance to affirm that they consented, and amused them with the ceremony of taking possession of their country in the Emperor's name.

Orellana availed himself of the friendly disposition of the natives, to make preparations for building an additional bark; the construction of which was completed at another friendly station several hundred miles down the river. As he proceeded, several accounts were given him of the Amazons, or female warriors, occupying the more advanced country. The banks of the river were alternately cultivated and neglected.

The province under the authority of a chief called Machiparo was populous, and opposed resistance to the Spaniards both in canoes and on the side of the river. In these conflicts, the uniform object of the Spaniards was to aim at the Indian chief, whose fall generally led to the flight of his men. Unfortunately, it was so much the interest of Orellana to magnify the value of the region which he traversed, that little dependance is to be placed on his narrative; and on this account we must be cautious in receiving his reports of seeing roads, streets, or coined money, since the probability is that none of these tribes were sufficiently advanced for such accommodations.

Like the aspect of the country, the temper of the successive tribes appeared to vary, a few only being gentle and hospitable. At last the Spaniards sailed through the country of the Amazons, where the sight of a few women using the bow and arrow with the men, which was not an uncommon custom in America, was exaggerated into the proof of a female empire. The most remarkable circumstance, perhaps, in this long peregrination, was the judgment and ability of Orellana; who, without shrinking from danger when exposure was necessary, often exercised a controlling power over the impetuosity of his followers. Long before they reached the ocean, the river became so wide that one bank was not discernible from the other. Many stoppages took place, both to obtain provisions and for the repair of their frail barks; and it was not till the end of August, after eight months of navigation, that they put out to sea. Here they were exposed to new perils: but, being driven to the N. W. they reached, in the course of a fortnight, the island of Cubagua, situated W. by N. of Trinidad. Proceeding thence to Spain, Orellana reported his extensive discoveries, and easily obtained permission to return with an armed force and attempt the conquest of them: but the tide of his fortune was now turned. Sailing with men who were unused to the climate, and arriving in autumn, the worst of seasons in a hot country, his crews became enfeebled by destructive maladies; and the difficulty of finding the leading current in sailing up, was infinitely beyond the idea which was suggested by their easy passage downward. The accomplishment of this laborious task was consequently reserved for a future adventurer; and fatigue and vexation on the part of Orellana having aggravated an illness brought on by the climate, he died on board a brigantine at the mouth of the great river.

“This,” says Mr. Southey, “was the fate of Orellana, who as a discoverer surpassed all his countrymen; as a conqueror he was

unfortunate, and the happier it now is for him. He burnt no Indians alive, nor threw them to the war-dogs; and perhaps at his hour of death thanked God that success had never put it in his power to commit these atrocities, from which I do not believe that any one of the conquerors can be acquitted. The great river which he explored was formerly called after his name, and is marked by it in old maps. By that name I shall distinguish it, because its appellation from the Amazons is founded upon fiction, and is inconvenient; and its other name would occasion some confusion, belonging equally to the state of Maranhão, and the island wherein the capital of that state is situated. These are sufficient reasons for preferring the name of Orellana, even if there were not a satisfaction in rendering justice to his memory, by thus restoring to him his well-deserved honour."

Towards the end of the volume, the author enters more at length into the curious inquiry regarding the existence of a separate tribe of women under the description of Amazons. He is on the whole by no means inclined to deny the possibility of such a fact, and lays stress not on the testimony of Orellana or his associates, but on the more accurate and candid relation of Acuna. That traveller was brother of the corregidor of Quito, and sailed down the great river nearly a century after Orellana, viz. in 1639. During his whole voyage, he made inquiry concerning the reality of the Amazons: no person was ignorant that such a nation existed; and he found a general agreement in the account of their manners. "It is not to be believed," says Acuna, "that the same lie should be circulated among so many different tribes." From the Tupinambas, an Indian nation inhabiting a central region of the wide continent through which the river flows, Acuna received more definite information:

"Six and thirty leagues below the last settlement of the Tupinambas, and on the north, is the mouth of the Cunuris, a river so called from the first tribe upon its banks. Beyond them were the Apantos, then the Taguaus, and then the Guacaras; these last were the people with whom the Amazons traded, and carried on that intercourse, without which they must else have become extinct. The Guacaras went once a year into their country, which was full of mountains. The Amazons, as soon as they saw them coming up the river, went arms in hand to meet them; but as soon as they were satisfied that it was their friends, they entered their canoes, and each taking up the first hammock which she found, carried it to her dwelling, and hung it up there, and the Guacara to whom it belonged was her mate for the season. One Indian, who said, that in his boyhood he had been with his father on one of these expeditions, affirmed that when the men returned, they took with them all the boys of the preceding year; but it was generally asserted that they were put to death as soon as born."

Condamine, sailing down the river a century afterward, (1743,) omitted no opportunity of similar inquiries, and heard a report from the various tribes that these women had several ages before retired up the country by the Rio Negro. All these relations concur in placing the Amazons in the heart of Guiana, the only part of South America which Europeans have never explored; and Condamine, though doubtful of their existence at that time, thought it was very probable that such a nation had once flourished:

"The existence of such a tribe," says Mr. Southey, "could it be ascertained, would be honourable to our species, inasmuch as it must have originated in resistance to oppression. The lot of women is usually dreadful among savages; the females of one horde may have perpetrated what the Danaïdes are said to have done before them, but from a stronger provocation; and if, as is not unfrequent, they had been accustomed to accompany their husbands to battle, there is nothing that can even be thought improbable, in their establishing themselves as an independent race, and securing, by such a system of life, that freedom for their daughters which they had obtained for themselves. Had we never heard of the Amazons of antiquity, I should, without hesitation, believe in those of America; their existence is not the less likely for that reason, and yet it must be admitted that the probable truth is made to appear suspicious by its resemblance to a known fable."

We have seen, in the progress of Gonzalo Pizarro, an example of the perpetual currency of reports of golden regions at a distance; and the Spaniards, who in a future age succeeded in penetrating to these boasted territories, were amused with similar rumours concerning Peru. Wherever they went, indeed, they seldom failed to hear a report of some imaginary kingdom of great wealth. Among the most extravagant of these tales, may be reckoned the fictitious kingdom of El Dorado, or the "gilded sovereign;" a barbarian chief, whose palace, watered by a silver fountain, and adorned by a golden sun, was said to stand in a magnificent island, while he himself was daily anointed with a fragrant gum, and covered with gold dust. This was the fiction of which Sir Walter Raleigh made use as a bait for vulgar cupidity, to promote his favourite project of colonizing Guiana. Of all such stories, however, the most impudent was that of a Spanish impostor; who related in Lima that he had been in the city of Manoa, the capital of a mighty emperor, whose palace had columns of porphyry and alabaster, galleries of ebony and cedar, and a throne of ivory, ascended by steps of gold. He even produced a map of the country, containing three hills, one of salt, another of silver, and a third of gold.

The manners of the native savages of Brazil are drawn by Mr. Southey in all their native deformity in the history of Hans Stade, a German, and one of the persons who were deluded into a dangerous expedition by false reports of the riches of Paraguay. Having suffered shipwreck at the island of St. Vicente, he was taken prisoner by the savages on an excursion into the country :

“ Their first business was to strip him ; hat, cloak, jerkin, shirt, were presently torn away, every one seizing what he could get. To this part of the prize possession was sufficient title ; but Hans’s body, or carcass, as they considered it, was a thing of more consequence. A dispute arose who had first laid hands on him, and they who bore no part in it amused themselves by beating the prisoner with their bows. It was settled that he belonged to two brethren ; then they lifted him up and carried him off as fast as possible towards their canoes, which were drawn ashore, and concealed in the thicket. A large party who had been left in guard advanced to meet their triumphant fellows, showing Hans their teeth, and biting their arms to let him see what he was to expect. They then tied his hands ; but another dispute arose, what should be done with him. The captors were not all from the same dwelling place ; no other prisoner had been taken, and they who were to return home without one, exclaimed against giving him to the two brethren, and were for killing him at once. Poor Hans had lived long enough in Brazil to understand all that was said, and all that was to be done ; he fervently said his prayers, and kept his eye upon the slaughter club. The chief of the party settled the dispute by saying, we will carry him home alive, that our wives may rejoice over him, and he shall be made a *Kaawy-pepiké* ; that is, he was to be killed at the great drinking feast.—On the third evening they came to their town, which was called Uwattibi. It consisted of seven houses—a town seldom had more, but each house contained twenty or thirty families, who, as they were generally related to each other, may not improperly be called a clan.

“ When the canoes arrived, the women were digging mandioc. The captors made Hans cry out to them in Brazilian, Here I am, come to be your meat ! Out came the whole population, old men, children and all. Hans was delivered over to the women who were, if possible, more cruel than the men on these occasions. They beat him with their fists, they pulled his beard, naming at every pluck and at every blow, some one of their friends who had been slain, and saying it was given for his sake.”

It was in vain that the unfortunate prisoner availed himself of his knowledge of the Brazilian language to plead that he was not a Portuguese but a German, the neighbour and friend of Frenchmen ; the French having been in the habit of trading peaceably with the savages, and not having, like the Portuguese, become obnoxious to them by the commission of vio-

lence. Before the arrival of the day appointed for the inhuman feast, a Frenchman happened to come for the purpose of traffic to this quarter ; and the savages hastened to bring their prisoner, in order to ascertain the truth of his assertion : but his incapacity to answer in the French language was accounted decisive against him. His fate would now have been beyond redemption, had not he managed to ascribe to the anger of his God a sickness which befell one of the chiefs, and to declare his recovery impracticable unless the design of slaying him (Hans Stade) was renounced. The chief recovered, and the life of Hans was saved. He was still detained, however, in the hope of a large ransom, and had ample opportunity of observing the disgusting manners of these cannibals. Mr. Southey has devoted more than twenty pages to this revolting subject : but we shall be satisfied with extracting one passage explanatory of the treatment of the prisoners by the savages. A chief called Konyan Bebe, had defeated a hostile tribe, and taken several of them prisoners, with some christians.

“ Hans Stade went into Konyan Bebe’s tent, and asked him what he designed to do with the christians :—to eat them was the answer ;—they were fools to come with our enemies when they might have remained at home ;—and he forbade Hans to have any intercourse with them. Hans advised him to ransom them ; this he refused.

Konyan Bebe gave order in the evening that all the prisoners should be produced. The captors formed a circle on a level piece of ground between the woods and the river, and placed them in the midst. When this was over, the Tupiniquins said, we came from our land like brave men, to attack ye our enemies, and kill ye and devour ye : the victory has been yours, and you have us in your hands. We care not ;—brave men die valiantly in the land of their enemies. Our country is wide, and it is inhabited by warriors who will not let our deaths go unrevenged. The others made answer, You have taken and devoured many of our people, and now we will revenge them upon you.”

It is some satisfaction to learn that Hans was at length ransomed, and returned to his own country ; where he wrote a history of his adventures, which is a book of great value.

Our readers will by this time be enabled to form an idea of Mr. Southey’s peculiar manner of writing history. His plan is to be sparing of general reflections, and to relate with scrupulous accuracy and minuteness the occurrence of detached events, observing generally the order of their date. The remarks which he permits himself to make are only those which arise out of the subject of the narrative ; a course which is very different from that of the writers who concentrate a body of facts for the illustration of a previously-con-

ceived doctrine. On their plan it may be said that the narrative seems to be written for the reflections; and on that of Mr. Southey, that we have facts with scarcely any reflections interspersed. A similar remark was made by us (Vol. lxiv. p. 465.) on the writer, whoever he be, of the "*Memoirs of Prince Eugene*."—Mr. Southey's plan is confirmed in great measure by the authority of the ancients, and among ourselves by the recent example of Mr. Fox. Without entering into any general discussion of the best mode of writing history, we must say that Mr. Southey has gone greatly too far into particular detail for the taste of the present generation; which expects something more than a succession of objects and occurrences, clearly and specifically described, but not brought together so as to produce effect by combination. The reader who turns over Mr. Southey's pages, in quest of dazzling description, will experience nearly such a disappointment as the ardent admirer of war would find on exchanging the flattering picture of a campaign drawn by a writer who lets loose imagination, for the plain unadorned journal of a professional eye-witness.

We differ, however, from the prevailing taste, and are disposed to look with favourable prepossession on the writer who avoids painting, and brings truth and reality in the plainest garb before the eyes of his readers. Yet, while we admire the plan, and regard its successful execution as the true province of taste and genius, we are not prepared to say that Mr. Southey's performance is in complete correspondence with the dignity of his conception. The magnitude of the volume, and the variety of its details, naturally suggest the charge of prolixity: a charge which appears to be better founded with respect to multiplicity of circumstances, than to their lengthened description. Few writers are more remote from danger of trespassing by the use of unmeaning epithets; on this score, therefore, Mr. Southey may be called a concise writer: but, in looking to prolixity in another sense—we mean an accumulation of circumstances—a very different conclusion must be drawn. True it is, that, from the pen of so diligent an investigator, we may safely rely on the fidelity of the enumerated particulars; and it is equally true that all of them may be considered as conducing, in some degree, to the illustration of the history and manners of the people whom he describes: but the mass is too large: its parts are too multiform. If the extent of the historian's research ought to be such as to know no other limit than the range of authentic materials, the exposition of his stores to the public is to be guided by a very different rule. The majority of readers expect a writer to judge as well as to investigate for them;

and they will be satisfied to find collateral details subjoined in the notes, or cited in the margin, while in the text they look only for such a selection of circumstances as may suffice to give them a clear conception of leading facts and characteristics.

To these observations, we add an extract of a few lines from Mr. Southey's work, which contain a remark very useful in itself, and calculated to serve as a specimen of those general views which we should have been glad to have seen more frequently introduced. Speaking of the fabulous miracles which disfigure the records of Catholic missionaries, he adds, with reference to the authorities for American annals:

"There is this wide difference between civil and ecclesiastical historians; the former narrate those events most fully which have passed in their own times, and later writers always have to condense the materials left them by their predecessors: the latter enlarge as they go on, and the last writer is uniformly the most copious, because every one adds his lie to the heap."

The river Amazons, or, to adopt Mr. Southey's name, the Orellana, is an object of such magnitude, and a voyage down its course presented such extended views of Indian manners, that we turn by preference to those passages in the book which are appropriated to this topic:

"From the sea to the Rio Negro, the depth in the main channel is nowhere less than thirty fathom; higher up, it varies from twenty to twelve, and even near to its source, according to Acuna, it is not less than eight. The islands which it forms are too many ever to have been numbered, and of all sizes, very many of four or five leagues in circumference, not a few of ten and twenty, and the great island of the Tupinambas exceeding a hundred. Many of the smaller islands were cultivated by those who inhabited the nearest large ones; and being sometimes inundated, they are remarkably fertile.

"Maize and mandioc were the principal vegetable food of the inhabitants; this latter they secured against the regular floods, by burying it in deep pits, so well covered as to keep out the water. The same root supplied them with their liquor; they formed the flour into thin biscuits, which they kept in the highest part of their dwellings, to be as far from the damp as possible; these they boiled in water, and left to ferment, using it as beverage on all occasions. There was a drinking bout at sowing or setting time, another at harvest; when a guest arrived, this was his welcome; if they rejoiced, they got drunk; and they got drunk if they were sorrowful. Other fermented liquors they made of various wild fruits, and kept them in earthen jars of great capacity, or in wood hollowed into vessels, or in large baskets, knit so closely of fine

materials, and calked so well with gum, as to be effectually watertight."

"Acuna's was indeed a delightful voyage; the natives on the way had been previously conciliated, and the force with him was sufficient to remove all fear or apprehension whatever. If one boat was injured or upset, there were others at hand to render assistance. His course also was with the stream. Had he written of the voyage up, he would have had to speak of labyrinthine channels, of strong currents, and of a plague of insects, from which there is no respite, neither by night nor day. In descending the stream, the evil is escaped; boats keep the mid current, and these insects do not venture far from the shore."

"The common weapon of the savages was the throwing-stick, called *estolica*, which was used by the Peruvians. It is described as flat, between four and five feet long, and three fingers broad; at the end a bone rest was fixed; against this, they took such certain aim, that if a tortoise put forth his head, they could instantly transfix it. The bow and arrow, however, were more formidable arms. Some used shields of closely plaited cane. Their canoes were of cedar, and the river saved them all trouble of felling timber for them. Torn up by the floods, these huge trees came floating down the stream, and the Indian had only to cast a hook upon one, as it was drifting along, and fasten it to his hut, till the waters abated, and left it dry. Tortoise-shell served for hatchets: the strongest part of the shell, which is what may be described as being between the shoulders, was used as the blade; a jaw bone of the manatee served for handle, and with such tools as these they made tables, seats, and other things, as well as if they had employed the best iron instruments, though not as easily. Some tribes had stone axes, which did the work more expeditiously. The teeth and tusks of animals served them for chisels, planes, and wimbles."

"Everywhere they had their conjurors: there is no stage of society in which some persons are not found artful enough to prey upon the credulity of others. In general, the tribes upon the Orellana were less dark of complexion than the Brazilian nations. They were well made and of good stature, of quick understanding, docile, and disposed to receive any instruction from their guests, and render them any assistance."

Similar descriptions are given, at great length, of the savages of the Tupi race, inhabiting the central part of Brazil. The following circumstances belong to the favourable part of the picture:

"'They are a stronger race than we,' says De Lery, 'robuster, healthier, and less liable to diseases. There are few lame persons among them, few that are one-eyed, scarcely any who are deformed; and though there are many who live to six score years of age, (for they keep account by moons,) yet few become gray. This shows the temperature of that region, which is neither afflict-

ed with cold nor with heat, and hath its trees and herbage always green; and they themselves, being free from all care, seem as if they had dipt their lips in the fountain of youth.' In this account of the longevity to which they often attain, and the green and vigorous old age which they enjoy, all testimonies, ancient and modern, accord. Living almost, like animals, in a state of nature, their senses had that acuteness which the habits of civilized life destroy. If a Tupinamba were lost in the woods, he laid down and snuffed for fire, which it is said they could scent half a mile off, then climbed the highest tree to look for smoke, which they could perceive at a distance where it was invisible to the keenest European eye. But where they had once been before, they knew their path again by a sort of dog-like faculty."

Though considerably elevated above the rude barbarism of the lower tribes of the American continent, the Tupinambas evidently belonged to the class of savages: for they were unfeeling in their treatment of the sick, and addicted to the horrid custom of cannibalism. It was to them that the reforming efforts of the Jesuits were first directed:

"They began by winning the affections of the children, giving them store of trifling presents; by this sort of intercourse they acquired some use of the language themselves, and soon qualified these little ones for interpreters. They visited the sick, and while they believed that every one whom they sprinkled at the hour of death was a soul rescued from the devil, the charitable services which accompanied such conversions were not lost upon the living.

"These missionaries were every way qualified for their office. They were zealous for the salvation of souls; they had disengaged themselves from all the ties which attach us to life, and were therefore not merely fearless of martyrdom, but ambitious of it; nor can it be doubted that they sometimes worked miracles upon the sick; for when they believed that the patient might be miraculously cured, and he himself expected that he should be so, faith would supply the virtue in which it trusted.

"Nobrega and his companions began their work with those hordes who were sojourning in the vicinity of St. Salvador; they persuaded them to live in peace, they reconciled old enemies, they succeeded in preventing drunkenness, and in making them promise to be contented with one wife; but the cannibalism was more difficult to overcome: the delight of feasting upon the flesh of their enemies was too great to be relinquished. One of the Jesuits succeeded in abolishing it among some clans by going through them and flogging himself before their doors till he was covered with blood, telling them he thus tormented himself to avert the punishment which God would otherwise inflict upon them for this crying sin. They could not bear this, confessed what they had done was wrong, and enacted heavy punishments against any person who should again be guilty. With other hordes the fathers

thought themselves fortunate in obtaining permission to visit the prisoners and instruct them in the saving faith, before they were put to death."

Unfortunately, the conduct of the Portuguese settlers was not such as to favour the benevolent efforts of the Jesuits. Not only was a part of the transatlantic population of Portugal composed of criminals, but the colonists, who were originally of good character, had been perverted by the temptations of their situation, and by an almost total absence of clerical admonition. The colonization of Brazil had been left, during half a century, to chance, and the colonists were almost without law and without religion. It had become an established practice to enslave the natives; and all the power of the Catholic religion, directed as it was by the Jesuits against this system of oppression, failed to have more than a partial effect.

We close our extracts by a passage from the notes, which impeaches, we believe, with too much foundation, the character for research of a very popular historian. After having mentioned the mode of enumeration practised by several American tribes, and one in particular which counted by units, fives, and twenties, Mr. Southey says:

"When Pauw reasoned upon the ignorance of the Americans in numbers, did he suppress this remarkable fact—or was he ignorant of it? The same question is applicable to Dr. Robertson, who, on this, and many other subjects, in what he calls his *History of America*, is guilty of such omissions, and consequent misrepresentations, as to make it certain, either that he had not read some of the most important documents to which he refers, or that he did not choose to notice the facts which are to be found there, because they were not in conformity to his own preconceived opinions. A remarkable example occurs respecting a circulating medium; when he mentions the cocoa nuts, which were used as money in Mexico, and says, 'this seems to be the utmost length which the Americans had advanced towards the discovery of any expedient for supplying the use of money.' Now it is said by Cortes himself, that when he was about to make cannon, he had copper enough, but wanted tin—and having bought up all the plates and pots which he could find among the soldiers, he began to inquire among the natives. He then found that in the province of Tachco, *little pieces of tin, like thin coin, were used for money there and in other places.*

"The reputation of this author must rest upon his *History of Scotland*—if that can support it. His other works are grievously deficient."

We resume our observations on Mr. Southey's style. A warning is given by a *black letter* title-page (HISTORY OF BRAZIL) that this book is not composed in the fashionable manner of the present day; and truly in diction, as well as in method, Mr. Southey discovers no small predilection for the chronicles of other times. His readers will frequently meet with such words as *spake* for *spoke*; *bare* for *bore*; *lack* for *want*; *alway*; *pavais*; *religioner*;—*to win a town, or to win stores*, &c. &c. Foreign names, likewise, are spelt agreeably to the language of the particular country; as Felipe II. of Spain; Joam IV. of Portugal; and Prince Mauritz of Holland. Without discussing the propriety or the prudence of these deviations from common usage, we proceed to a remark which is apparently of little consequence; we mean, the position of the notes. Aware that it is painful for the reader to interrupt his attention during the thread of a narrative, we are desirous of seeing subordinate illustrations either incorporated in the text, or referred, if more remotely connected with the subject, to the end of the volume. The latter mode we have, on several occasions, wished to have seen adopted in the present book; in which, in fact, the great body of the notes is so placed—and we are mistaken if the first page does not supply an example in point. We must next advert to the want of a map, which is an almost indispensable requisite to the interest of such long and varied details. It is delayed, says Mr. Southey, for the purpose of rendering it “as full and as little incorrect as possible:” but, on considering the length of time which has already elapsed before the publication of the second part, and the miserable maps of South America which we as yet possess, it is to be regretted that a sketch or outline was not made to accompany the present volume.

To conclude, imperfect though this publication may be, we regard it as a highly valuable record, and shall gladly bestow attention on the promised additional portion of it: which, as it will relate to a period nearer our own time, will probably be put together with more attention to the prevailing taste;—an advantage perfectly attainable without any sacrifice of the sterling merits of its precursor.

*Hermilda in Palestine : the first Canto, and part of the second :
with other Poems.*

[From the British Critic, for December, 1812.]

WE are happy in being the first of our cotemporaries to add another name to the illustrious catalogue of Noble Authors; and more particularly as we feel ourselves justified in saying that the taste, elegance, and genuine poetical spirit of the specimens we shall adduce have not often, at least in modern times, been exceeded.

These poems are the production of Edward Lord Thurlow, who prefers the cultivation of the Muses in elegant retirement to the agitation and tumult of a public life, and who, we hope, will proceed either to a perfect conclusion of the poem, of which a portion only is here exhibited, or to other undertakings commensurate with his talents and worthy of his ambition.

The model which the noble writer has placed before him is that of Spenser, and we do not say too much when we assert, that the spirit and manner of our early national poet has never been more faithfully represented. We appeal to the following specimens for the accuracy of our judgment.

“To the right honourable the Earl Spencer, knight of the most noble order of the garter.

“Not all, that sit beneath the golden roof,
In rooms of cedar, O renowned Lord,
Wise though they be, and put to highest proof,
To the sweet Muses do their grace afford;
Which if they did, the like would them accord
The mighty poets to eternity,
And their wise acts in living verse record,
And build them up, great heirs of memory,
Which else shall in oblivion fall and die;
But Thou, that like the sun, with heavenly beams,
Shining on all, dost cheer abundantly
The learned heads, that drink Castalian streams;
Transcendent Lord, accept this verse from me,
Made for all time, but yet unfit for thee.” P. 3.

After other sonnets in a similar style and spirit, addressed to the Memory of Sir Philip Sidney, to Lord Moira, a Beloved Friend, Lord Holland, and Lord Granard, we meet with the following fragment to Sir Philip Sidney, which, if we mistake not, will be perused by all true lovers of poetry with no common complacency.

" A SONG

To Sir Philip Sidney.

" Spirit, whose bliss beyond this cloudy sphere
Is with the rising and the setting light,
Who, far remov'd from all that grieves us here,
For ever happy, and for ever bright,
Yet lookest down with pity from on high,
'Midst airs of immortality :
O, with what pure and never-ending song,
Song, that uplift upon the wings of love,
May gain access to that celestial throng,
Shall I now soar above,
And in the silver flood of morning play,
And view thy face, and brighten into day ?

" Forgive me, then, O love-enlarged soul,
Or love itself in pure felicity,
If, questioning my nature's fast control,
I slip my bonds, and wander unto thee ;
But, ah ! too well I know
That this may not be so,
'Till that prefixed doom from heav'n be spent ;
Then for a little while,
If measure may beguile,
Let thy sweet deeds become my argument ;
That all the wide hereafter may behold
Thy mind, more perfect than refined gold.

" But this is to enlarge the liberal air,
And pour fresh light into the diamond,
To herald that the fragrant rose is fair,
And that the sun in beauty doth abound,
So vain, and so excessful is the thought,
To add to Sidney aught :
Yet cannot I forego the sweet delight,
More sweet to me than music of the spring,
Or than the starry beams of summer's night,
Thy sweetest praise, O Astrophel, to sing,
'Till the wide woods, to which I teach the same,
Shall echo with thy name ;
And ev'ry fount, that in the valley flows,
Shall stay its fall, and murmur at the close.

" Nor yet shall time, a thing not understood,
Nor weary space forbid me my desire ;
The nimble mind can travel where it would,
More swift than winds, or than the greedy fire ;
So shall my thoughts aspire
To that eternal seat, where thou art laid
In brightness without shade ;

Thy golden locks, that in wide splendour flow,
 Crown'd with lilies, and with violets,
 And amaranth, which that good angel sets
 With joy upon thy radiant head to blow;
 (Soft flow'rs unknown to wo,
 That in the blissful meads of heav'n are found;)
 That whilst full quires around,
 With silver hymns, and dulcet harmony,
 Make laud unto the glorious throne of grace,
 And fill thy ears with true felicity;
 Such is the happy place,
 Which thou by thy heroic toil hast won,
 Such is the place, to which my sacred verses run.

"Then I believe, that at thy birth was set
 Some purer planet in the lofty sky,
 Which a sweet influence did on earth beget;
 That all the shepherds, which on ground did lie,
 Beholding there that unexampled light,
 That made like day the night,
 Were filled with hope, and great expectancy
 That Pan himself would on the earth appear,
 To bless th' unbounded year." P. 9.

The above verses are followed by the longer poem, which is also a fragment, and denominated *Hermilda in Palestine*.

Whether by the publication of this specimen the noble author wished to ascertain how far the propensities of the public and taste of the times leaned to this species of composition, or whether, having playfully amused his leisure in these exercitations, he chose to print a small impression for his friends, we have no opportunity of acquiring the knowledge. There can be no doubt of the ability of prosecuting to its termination what is here so happily commenced; and we are induced to express an earnest desire to see a poem continued, of which we are able to produce such stanzas as the following.

"V.

"The golden morning now had hardly gone,
 My *, from her chamber in the east,
 And with an angel's eye scarce look'd upon
 The valleys and the hills from night releast;
 When she, for whom a thousand lovers moan,
 Yet of all women cares for love the least,
 Hermione, along the valley speeds,
 Where Nilus flows amid his subject meads.

"VI.

"I well believe Aurora made a stay,
 To gaze upon the rival of her beams,

So lovely from her helm th' unsullied ray,
 And from her shield, and all her armour streams;
 But far more fatal, and more bright than they,
 Her face in beauty her brave pomp beseems;
 Her face, that full of glory and desire,
 Mix'd virgin sweetness with heroic fire.

" VII.

" In that unbounded garden of delight
 A thousand souls had lost their liberty,
 And wander'd in its charms, both day and night,
 Delighted with their fond captivity;
 O love, when thou art crowned to the height,
 What art thou but divine felicity?
 Her lovers, though to none she favour gave,
 Yet each preferr'd to serve her as her slave.

" VIII.

" But she, indeed, not like unto her kind,
 All thoughts of pity and of love disdain'd;
 Which yet a blemish in her soul I find,
 Since there the softest passions never reign'd;
 To strife, to war, to battle she inclin'd,
 And the sharp sword, and weighty spear maintain'd;
 To perils, and to camps would turn her feet,
 And shrilling clarions made her music sweet." P. 14.

We cannot refuse ourselves the satisfaction of placing one more specimen before our readers.

" CV.

" She heard a damsel singing on the plain,
 As joyous as the lark at break of day,
 Or that sweet bird, that in the night doth reign,
 That all the air was filled with her lay;
 A herdsman's daughter, and did there restrain
 Her wanton steeds to wander in their play,
 And, browsing, o'er the silver hills to roam;
 And this her song, the while she drove them home.

" CVI.

" 'O happy state, the happiest of all!
 The blameless herdsman in the flow'ry plain;
 He cares not for great kingdoms' rise or fall,
 Or battles, that the mighty Consuls gain;
 His homely thoughts no foreign guiles can call;
 He in his cottage, and his herd doth reign;
 If Phœbus through the welkin look but clear,
 His peaceful mind is joyous through the year.

"CVII.

" ' Before the sun to drive them to the lea,
 Or up the mountain, tracking in the dew ;
 To see that they in good contentment be,
 And eat their balmy breakfast as is due,
 At noon from out the hills to set them free,
 And to the valleys their soft steps pursue,
 Wherein amid the streams, and silver shade,
 They wanton till the light of day doth fade,

"CVIII.

" ' Sufficeth him : then, browsing on the way,
 By Hesper bright he driveth to the fold ;
 Before his door his little children play,
 His tender wife him in her arms doth hold :
 O happy state ! far different, they say,
 From theirs, whom guilty purple doth enfold ;
 O happy state ! (and sweetly she did sing,)
 The herdsman of himself is truly king ! " P. 64.

It is unnecessary to add, that the Fairy Queen is constantly present to the poet's imagination, and that knights, damsels, giants, and ærial beings are the themes of song. The reader will everywhere be impressed with the rich powers of fancy, the ingenuity of contrivance, and beauty of language, which mark this production, and will unquestionably unite with us in the eager wish to see more from such a pen. The noble author, we have been informed, some time since claimed the attention of the public by the republication of the *Defence of Poetry*, by Sir Philip Sidney, with a small collection of original poems. These it was not our good fortune to see, and having inquired for them, we learn, with regret, that the author has recalled the impression. It should have been added, that the volume immediately before us concludes with a Sonnet to a very illustrious Nobleman, and a Copy of Verses, in all humility dedicated to the Prince Regent. These last are peculiarly elegant, but enough has been said to induce all lovers of poetry to procure the whole.

On Edinburgh Medical Education.

[From the Scottish Review.]

IF medicine is an instrument, as few will doubt, of immense power, it becomes a question of no small importance, in whose hands this weapon is placed; whether it is wielded for the advantage or disadvantage of the human race.

It is needless to cant to our readers concerning the value of health compared with other blessings. We need hardly even point out to them, that if medicine be not employed beneficially, it must be injuriously, perhaps destructively. It is not one of those things which, if it does no good, will do no harm. When a sick person commits himself to the care of a physician, he gets into a situation where ignorance, rashness, or neglect, may soon terminate all his earthly prospects; where science, sound judgment, and attention, may long ward off the stroke of fate, and restore his relish for every enjoyment. Such considerations may show how valuable an acquisition a good physician is, how great a curse a bad one, and how useful it were to be able to appreciate the merits of medical pretenders.

By the universities of St. Andrews and Aberdeen, we believe, degrees are conferred in two ways—either the candidate is examined on his proficiency by the different professors, or a certificate is sent, signed by two physicians, of his moral* character and medical qualifications, and his having attended a certain course of study, along with 24*l.* 8*s.* 11*d.* 1-2, and the degree is returned in due course. To the former, if conducted by men at once qualified and determined to inquire into the attainments of the candidate, we can have no objection, but it is seldom if ever had recourse to; and in the latter truly commercial way, the power “*medicinam faciendi, legendi, et docendi, hic et ubique terrarum,*” is conferred with equal discredit to the givers and receivers. Hence it is that quacks and impostors of every description have it in their power to prostitute the highest honours in medicine; and we have the title M. D. attached to the vendors of vegetable syrups, balms of gilead, lotions, tinctures, powders, pills, and innumerable nostrums, by which the public are at once cheated of their money, and, what is infinitely worse, undermined in their constitutions. These universities ought, as speedily as possible, to be deprived of the power of

* We think the moral and religious character of the candidate ought to be certified by the minister of the parish, and the churchwarden or elder.

sanctioning impositions so abominable; and government ought to forego any advantage, however great, that may accrue from imposing duties, and thus literally giving the "stamp of royal authority" to, and participating in, a traffic neither better in principle nor practice than that lately abolished on the coast of Africa.

The English universities confer the degree of bachelor of medicine on those who, having previously acquired the degree of master of arts, have studied physic for two years. Here there is something preposterous. There are seven years of study required to obtain the degrees successively of bachelor of arts and master of arts, which can only be considered as preparatory, and only two are devoted to the acquirement of that for which so much preliminary study is judged necessary.

We coincide with the view of these universities, that it is proper the physician should have a good previous education. Invaluable works in medicine are among the precious relics of Greece and Rome; and he who cannot consult the originals, must often be deceived in their interpretation. The study of mathematics and natural philosophy is important in two points of view; first, because many of the phenomena of organic life are dependent upon mechanical as well as vital principles; secondly, because, in common with the study of languages, they accustom the mind to habits of observation and reflection, which will adapt it to the important investigations on which it is about to enter. The man who has been accustomed to search for truth in the complicated relations of lines and figures, will be equally delighted with the perception of it in the admirable laws which regulate the health of living beings; and he who has been accustomed to trace the apparently far different expressions of ideas which owe their origin to one root, both in the same and different languages, can with facility employ this discriminating faculty in tracing the connexion between the varied and apparently opposite symptoms which may indicate the same or a similar state of disease.

The study of the intellectual faculties and of morals appears as necessary to the physician as anatomy or physiology; for, independently of the propriety of a medical practitioner having a polite education, of which such studies must always be considered an elementary part, how is he, if ignorant of them, to treat diseases of mind? Yet physicians are on no ceremony in treating such diseases, without having once contemplated the structure, if we may use such a phrase, of the system which they attempt to restore.

As we have already stated, a course of two years appears

to us to be perfectly inadequate to the acquirement of such a knowledge of medicine as should entitle a man either to possess a degree, or to give him a chance of practising with advantage to those who may be committed to his care, or with satisfaction to himself. A man of powerful mind, who has attended to his preparatory studies, might do honour to the medical profession with even so short a period; but it is better to fix such a time as is suitable to common, than to be regulated by what is adapted to superior intellects alone. In short, we have here as a general rule what is applicable merely as an exception.

A certain apathy, however, attends these universities and every thing connected with them, which deprives us of all hope and faith in any of their children. Indeed, the shorter time that a student of medicine, or of any thing else, spends in these abodes of luxury and indolence, we believe it is the better.

In the university of Edinburgh, every arrangement seems admirably contrived for giving due respectability to the medical degree, with three exceptions; 1st. There are only three years study enjoined, two of which may be at another university; 2dly. There is no age fixed under which degrees are not conferred, or, if it be fixed, such a salutary law is overlooked; 3dly. There is not a sufficient degree of solicitude displayed concerning the preliminary education of candidates.

The course of the studies themselves is excellent, with the exception of moral philosophy and midwifery, both of which are omitted, for what reason we know not. Of the time we have already said enough when speaking of the English universities; and when the various and numerous studies necessary to complete a medical education are taken into account, we must be convinced that the period here is also insufficient. To the neglect of the candidate having arrived at a proper age, and to some other causes about to be mentioned, we owe the circumstance of so many striplings, just escaped from the nursery, attaining the degree of doctor in medicine, and stalking about with all the foolish and pert solemnity of grave fathers and full grown doctors. This is the severest stab of all; for it is rapidly hurrying a title, which we should wish to see respectable, into contempt and ridicule. The stage has produced few young Rosciuses; but the university of Edinburgh can boast of many examples of a Hippocrates who never had a razor on his face; some of whom assume a peculiarity of dress and manners only excusable in magistrates or borough deacons, or in those arrived at second childhood, that period when a physician is esteemed infallible. We do not mean to insinuate that all under age are, to a man, or, to

speak properly, to a boy, incapable of practising medicine; many have been wonderfully acute at a very early period of life, while others get only more foolish and obstinate as they grow old, and the annals of physic have been more disgraced by grown up children than by promising youths. All we would hint is, that it would be safe to give degrees to men only.

There is no retrospective view taken of the early education of candidates, but all their essays, examinations, and disputations, are held in the Latin language, with which they are of course supposed to be well acquainted. We have already mentioned some preliminary studies, which, if not absolutely indispensable, would at least be useful, and, as necessary in a polite education, would tend to make the degree respectable; but even the knowledge of the Latin language is, as we shall find, in a great measure evaded.

The university confers degrees upon two days only in the year, in the following manner: the candidate delivers a dissertation upon some subject, medical or philosophical, to one of the six medical professors, who, having given it his *perlegi*, it is transmitted, if approved of, to the dean of the medical faculty, who issues notices to the respective candidates of the time and place of their first examination. This one is private and impartial, generally occupying from an hour to an hour and a half. The candidate is unaware of what his examination may turn upon, the questions being indifferently taken from nosology, anatomy, the practice and theory of medicine, pharmacy, chymistry, materia medica, &c.; at one time general, at another close and minute. All those who have been approved of at a first examination meet upon a certain day in the college library, where they are again examined in rotation by two of the professors, and receive from two others an aphorism of Hippocrates, and a question, medical or physiological, each of which they are to treat in writing. Their exercises being delivered to the respective professors, they, upon a day appointed, appear and defend them; after this, the two remaining professors give them two cases of disease, upon which they are to comment in writing, explaining the name and nature of the particular disease, the symptoms, the means of cure, the medicines to be employed, and the formulæ for their exhibition. These essays must be defended upon a day appointed, and, if the candidate is then approved of, he is afterwards admitted publicly to defend his thesis, and receive his degree. That no one may be rejected from embarrassment, or any other cause but ignorance, he can, if the professors do not approve of him at the first examination, demand a second private one, and he has

the privilege of writing down the whole of the questions asked, and of returning written answers.

This course of examination seems unexceptionable, and it is difficult to conceive any mode by which ignorance can escape detection ; but idleness is both ingenious in planning, and active in executing schemes for its own security. Students of medicine, like those of other things, vary almost infinitely in parts and dispositions. They may be resolved, however, into a few general classes : first, we have the book worm, grave and sententious, who in general shines in the closet ; and, provided he does not attempt to give his lucubrations to the world, often gets into repute as a very silent, very sober, very pious, well-doing, modest, deserving young man. As he thinks, he spends his time well, in proportion to the magnitude of the notes he takes at lectures, and the number of pages he reads ; and is neither in the use of comparing nature with herself nor with books ; his intellects commonly resemble one of those unfortunates, who, being affected with bulimia or canine appetite, devours much, but digests little, and, consequently, continues lean and haggard. Groups of this description of students are to be seen hunting after the attending physician or surgeon of hospitals, following him from patient to patient, from ward to ward, gaping, staring, and admiring. "Such persons see many sick, very few diseases."

But the greater number of students are a flippant, gay race, who, arriving in the country full of money, imitate the butterfly in every thing but its botanical knowledge. The gay student's (we wish we had an appropriate name) career in Edinburgh is, however, exactly the reverse of a butterfly's life ; for, as this foppish insect commences by creeping, and ends in flying and fluttering, so the students of this class commence their career by fluttering, and end in creeping. During the first two years, they flutter from Prince's-street to the college, and from the college to Prince's-street, from the concert to the theatre, and from the theatre to the assembly, till, towards the end of their third winter, having got their wings sufficiently cropped, either by debt or gallantry, they creep into some garret story, and exert all their wits in devising ways and means for the last campaign, which is, in truth, the only efficient one. The gay and frank Lothario has now lost the look of self-gratulation, and exchanged the bloom, resulting from port and Prince's-street for the pale cadaverous look of the student ; he gets, in fact, at once the appearance of the book-worm, or, perhaps, of one who has said unto the worms, ye are my brothers and my sisters. His peregrinations are now confined to slinking out in the dusk, muffled up in a

great coat. He has exchanged the firm manly strut for a wary circumspect demeanour. He cautiously avoids his acquaintances, or, afraid of being forgotten, makes a point to anticipate them.

He now begins to think for what purpose he came to this seat of science, and finds that he has made no progress in the knowledge of his profession. He has, however, made one important step—he has got his name entered, for the necessary number of seasons, in the college books. He reflects seriously upon his course—his means are nearly, if not wholly, exhausted—his relations expect his return—and he at last determines, that if he cannot go back scientific, he shall at least have the name of being so; and to this he devotes all his energies. A grinder* is employed, who directs his pupil's attention to the perusal of a few select works, containing questions and answers, drills him closely upon these, and, before the end of six months, as his memory is never disturbed by his judgment, he has acquired such a fund of answers on every branch of his vast range of science, that it is next to an impossibility to puzzle him; and, although he cannot distinguish between one disease and another, yet he can, with wonderful celerity, repeat the symptoms of each. He displays the same alertness in anatomy. Show him a dead body, and desire him to point out any viscus, and he will be completely at a stand; yet ask him to *describe* any one, and he will do it in such a style as few experienced anatomists could equal. To use a simile of Shakspeare, he resembles a sponge sucking up answers from his grinder, of which the squeeze of the professors deprives him, rendering him, as before, empty or dry. Thus ground to a degree, how could any set of professors reject him? But how does he get on with his thesis and his two sets of essays, his time being precious—his Latinity scanty? These are despatched in a trice. A thesis may be purchased from three to ten guineas, cut and dry, like a Barbarossa peruke, and like it, too, cropped from the heads of others. The two sets of essays are contracted for generally, we believe, at about five guineas; and thus a gentleman may become an author without ever having perused his own works, or even being able to do so.

Matters would not be altogether desperate, if the young person so graduated could appreciate their attainments, and

* We do not wish to insinuate that a grinder ought not to be permitted; we are, on the contrary, certain that he must be of service in giving young men a habit of concentrating their views, and of conversing in a language they have been little accustomed to, and in this respect deserves encouragement; but when the grinding process is carried on, as is too often the case, in the manner mentioned in the text, it is truly pernicious.

would begin to study their profession in earnest ; but it generally happens that the certificate they receive, of qualifications which they never possessed, puts a bar to improvement, by puffing them up with self-sufficiency—we had almost said, sealed their ruin, forgetting that it was the ruin of those who might fall under their care.

A third set of students consists of those who, impressed with the awful importance of the profession they are about to undertake, attend assiduously to every branch of it. A student of this description does not, like the book worm, pore night and day over many a dry and weary page—what he reads is select—he takes care to understand and digest it ; he is not led away by any thing because it is delivered by some great authority, even that of a sapient professor ; but, remembering that all men are liable to err, he tries every doctrine by the rule of reason and common sense. He acts at first with caution, distrusts every thing he does or sees, till, by closely and patiently watching disease, he becomes acquainted with all the common symptoms which characterize its varieties, its changes, and its event ; he reasons upon these slowly, and of course correctly. He never aims at the singular acuteness of deciding upon the nature of the disease, or plan of treatment, the moment he enters the sick man's chamber—a faculty possessed by none, and which, however much the pretensions to it may make the million wonder, must always make men of penetration lose faith. He feels an ardent anxiety for the fate of the patient, whether poor or rich, and watches him as closely as his other avocations will permit, not merely for the purpose of acquiring knowledge, but from the irresistible dictates of that sympathy which has its origin in the best feelings of the human heart. He is cautious in giving a prognostic, particularly a fatal one, which may have no small share in its own fulfilment ; and though he never attempts to deceive, he holds out the balm of hope, well knowing that when that is gone, every little chance is cut off. He never forsakes his patient, knowing that, though he cannot cure, he may relieve, and that he thus acquires a knowledge of the gradual progress of disease. When the event is fatal, he examines with care those changes which the disease has induced, and compares them with the original structure, and with the symptoms which preceded, accompanied, and followed them. He is not closely wedded to any theory, but cautiously inquires if it be legitimately deduced from facts, and neither rashly adopts nor rejects it. He watches the operation of remedies, both immediate and remote ; compares their effects in different individuals, and in the same individual at different times ; and

in every thing acts with unaffected modesty, under the guidance of nature, feeling, and common sense.

To such men degrees may be safely conferred at almost any age or any period of their studies; and had the world been capable of appreciating and paying that deference to their judgment which has been, with few exceptions, bestowed upon the sons of mystery, absurdity, and pretension, we could not have said, in the language of Bacon, that medicine had moved rather in circle than progression.

The Martyrs; or, The Triumph of the Christian Religion. By F. A. de Chateaubriand, Author of the *Genie de Christianisme. Atala*, &c. Translated from the French, by W. Joseph Walter, late of St. Edmund's College. To which is added, an Appendix, consisting of extracts from his "*Itineraire*," 8vo. 2 vols. pp. xxviii, 744.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

THIS romantic Frenchman has been very advantageously introduced among us by means of his *Travels in Greece and Palestine*;—if indeed it may be deemed an advantageous introduction of an author, who has written several works, and proposes writing more, to become first extensively known by means of that one of his productions which surpasses in interest every thing he has written or is destined to write; for this, we think, may be safely affirmed of his *Itinerary*. When, however, it is recollected that the bold, protracted, and diversified expedition which that work briefly narrates, was undertaken expressly on account of the work at present before us, and prosecuted with a daily and almost hourly reference to it, so unparalleled a circumstance in literary history will be thought sufficient, even alone, to engage a particular attention to the performance. And it will justly excite a very favourable prejudice. For the sparing of labour, both in the preparations for authorship and in the actual operation, is so prevailing and grievous a vice in our present literature, that we are predisposed to revere, as quite a literary saint, the writer who brings along with his work the evidence of having bestowed on it a long and costly labour, especially if, at the same time, he has declined taking the advantage of making his work immoderately large.

He is not unreasonably ostentatious of this labour, and might well have been allowed to refer to it in terms of greater parade than the following :

"I have no wish to make a vain display of my exertions, insignificant as they have been : nevertheless I trust that when I am seen tearing myself away from my friends and my country, enduring fatigue and fever, traversing the seas of Greece in a small bark, while exposed to the fire of wanton barbarians, influenced only by my respect for the public, and in the hope to present it with a work less imperfect than the *Genie de Christianisme* ; I trust, I say, that some credit will be allowed me for my exertions."—"Not content with all my studies, all my sacrifices, and all my scruples, I undertook a voyage on purpose to inspect with my own eyes the scenes which I wished to describe. Should my work, therefore, have no other merit, it will at least possess the interest of an accurate description of some of the most famous places of antiquity. I commenced my journey from the ruins of Sparta, and after passing through Argos, Corinth, Athens, Constantinople, Jerusalem, and Memphis, I finished my tour at the mouldering fragments of what once was Carthage. The reader, therefore, may rest assured that the descriptions which he finds in the *Martyrs*, are not mere vague and fanciful combinations of imagery, but were faithfully sketched on the spot. Some of these descriptions are entirely new : no modern traveller, with whom I am acquainted, has given a picture of Messenia, of a part of Arcadia, and of the valley of Laconia. That of Jerusalem and of the Dead Sea is equally faithful. The church of the Holy Sepulchre, the way of sorrows, *Via Dolorosa*, are exactly such as I have described."—"Such have been my endeavours to render the *Martyrs* not entirely unworthy of the public attention. Thrice happy should I feel if my work breathed any portion of that poetical inspiration which still animates the ruins of Athens and Jerusalem. It is not through any vain ostentation that I thus speak of my studies and my travels ; it is to show the laudable distrust I have in my own talents, and the care I have taken, by all means in my power, to supply the deficiency. By these my labours, too, I think, I have evinced my respect for the public, and the importance I attach to every thing that in any degree concerns the interests of religion."

It does not appear whether the intention of travelling to the East in order to acquire accurate and lively images of the scenes in which the supposed events were to be represented as having taken place, was coeval with the first projection of the work ; but in the course of prosecuting the adventure, and when the acquisition was made, it was impossible but the interesting pictures which were forming by degrees into a complete enchanting oriental world in the author's imagination, must have grown into so much importance in his account, that the delineation of them in his work would become one of the leading objects in composing it. Still, the plan must have some one object decidedly and substantially predominant. What that is, we should have considerable difficulty in defining, if we were not allowed to avail ourselves of the author's own explanation.

"I advanced in a former work that christianity appeared to me more favourable than paganism for the development of characters, and for a display of the passions; I added, moreover, that the *marvellous* of this religion might contend for the palm of interest with that borrowed from mythology: these opinions, which have been more or less combated, it is my present object to support, and to illustrate by an example.—To render the reader an impartial judge in this great literary process, it was necessary to make choice of a subject that would allow me to throw upon the same canvass the predominant features of the two religions; the morality, the sacrifices, and the ceremonies of both systems of worship: a subject where the language of Genesis might be blended with that of the Odyssey, and the Jupiter of Homer be placed by the side of the Jehovah of Milton, without giving offence to piety, to taste, or to probability.

"Having once conceived this idea, I had no difficulty in finding an historical epoch where the two religions met in conjunction. The scene opens towards the close of the third century, at the moment when the persecution of the christians commenced under Diocletian. Christianity had not yet become the predominating religion of the Roman empire, though its altars arose near the shrines of idolatry.

"The persons who make a figure in the work are taken from the two religions. I have in the first place made the reader acquainted with the leading characters, and thence proceeded to describe the state of christianity through the then known world, as it stood at the time of the action; the remainder of the work develops a particular catastrophe that is connected with the general massacre of the christians."

Such a scheme evidently gave an exceedingly wide scope to a writer extensively acquainted with ancient history. As the author himself observes, it "placed all antiquity, sacred and profane, at his disposal;" so far as it should be possible to bring its nations, its personages, and its customs, within the compass of such a fable as might be fairly constructed upon the life and adventures of two or three individuals cotemporary with one another at a particular epoch. And the "Travels of Anacharsis," and some other works, had sufficiently shown to what a vast extent and diversity of things a little ingenuity might dilate the circumference of such a fable, without any violent excess of confusion or anachronism.

His personages, he observes, are almost all taken from history; and among them are Diocletian, Maximian, Galerius, Constantius, Constantine, Hierocles, St. Jerome, and St. Augustine. He offers an allowable apology for the anachronism of making Jerome cotemporary with Diocletian, and for some other little freedoms taken with chronological truth. And he should rather have apologized for, than pretended to

justify, his fancy for exonerating Diocletian from almost all the guilt of the tenth persecution of the christians. He professes to have conformed very carefully to historical matter of fact in his representation of the manners and ceremonies of the primitive christians; of the public exhibitions of the Romans; of the persons and manners of the Gauls, Franks, and other barbarians: and of "the geographical curiosities respecting the Gauls, Greece, Syria, and Egypt." He names collectively his authorities; but the reader will wish that in some instances he had yielded to the advice which he says was given him, to subjoin notes, with specific historical references and illustrations.

As the work claims to rank in the epic class, and therefore professes to give a dignified history of extraordinary transactions, we cannot be excused from attempting a brief abstract of the narrative.

It should seem that a French style is one of those precious things which it is worth an author's care to preserve inviolate throughout his wanderings in all the four quarters of the world; for after having been exposed to the danger of a modified diction among the people and tongues of all those quarters, Chateaubriand comes back to commence in the following manner:

"Nine times had the church of Jesus Christ seen the spirits of darkness leagued in conspiracy against her; nine times had this favoured vessel, which storms assail in vain, escaped the fury of the tempest. The earth reposed in peace: with skilful hand Diocletian swayed the sceptre of the world. Under the protection of this great prince the christians enjoyed a state of tranquillity to which they had before been strangers. The altars of the true God began to contest the honours offered on the shrines of idolatry; the number of the faithful increased daily; and honours, riches, and glory, were no longer the exclusive inheritance of the worshippers of Jupiter. Hell, threatened with the loss of its empire, wished to interrupt the course of these heavenly victories; and the Eternal, who saw the virtues of his people languish in prosperity, permitted the demons to excite a fresh persecution; but this last and terrible trial was ultimately to plant the cross on the throne of the universe, and to humble to the dust the temples of pagan superstition.—To the heroism of two illustrious martyrs is this victory due: an innocent virgin, and a renowned penitent, were the persons so eminently conspicuous on this day of trial and of wo. The former was chosen by heaven from among an idolatrous people; the latter from among the faithful, to be the expiatory victims both for the christian and the gentile world."

The translator does not mention whether it is hereabouts that we should find in the original the first of those conversations, or debates in council, among the infernal spirits,

which, as well as conferences among celestial beings, he regards as somewhat "tedious and misplaced," and rather diminishing than increasing the interest of the story, and has omitted, we have no doubt, with all manner of propriety.

The pagan virgin, the heroine of the work, is Cymodocé, the daughter of Demodocus, "the last descendant of those families of the Homerides, who formerly inhabited the island of Chios, and who laid pretensions to a direct descent from Homer." He was made high priest to a temple erected by the Messenians to Homer, and in the exercise of his office lived many years in a sacred retirement, tenderly rearing, and carefully and successfully cultivating Cymodocé, his only child. In this recluse situation, however, she unfortunately attracted the admiration of Hierocles, the pro-consul of Achaia, a very powerful, but a depraved and odious person, whose demand of her in marriage her father most willingly concurred with her in refusing, though great danger was the too certain consequence. As an expedient conducive to her protection, he consecrates her, in capacity of priestess, to the Muses. Her merit became so conspicuous that she was chosen by the old men to lead the choir of virgins who were appointed to present the votive offerings in a solemn festival of Diana, on the borders of Messenia and Laconia. In returning, on a moonlight night, she loses her way and her female attendant, in a mountain forest. Excessively alarmed, though all was silent except a little stream, she flew to implore the protection of the Naiad of this stream, and found an altar at the foot of a cascade. The reader anticipates that this is not all. "She perceived a youth, who lay reclined in slumber against the rock: his head rested on his left shoulder, and was partly supported by his lance; a ray of the moon, darting through the branches of a cypress, shone full in the huntsman's face. A disciple of Apelles would have thus represented the slumbers of Endymion.—Indeed, the daughter of Demodocus really imagined that in this youth she beheld the lover of Diana; in a plaintive zephyr she thought she distinguished the sigh of the goddess, and in a glimmering ray of the moon she seemed to catch a glimpse of her snowy vest as she was just retiring into the thicket." It will instantaneously be apprehended that this is the hero of the piece; and he very soon gives indications of an uncommon and lofty character. Suddenly awaked by the barking of his dog, he intermingles questions and exclamations of surprise and admiration with similar expressions uttered by the priestess of the Muses; but soon signifies, with a degree of abruptness and austerity, his disapprobation

of her reference to pagan divinities. With kindness, modified by this austerity, he conducts her to the neighbourhood of her father's abode, repeating, in the most decided and laconic terms, his expressions of dissent and censure as often as she introduces, as she naturally does, any of her mythological ideas. A degree of alarm mingled with her surprise and admiration, as her mind, intent on her strange companion, fluctuated among the conjectures of an auspicious deity, a Spartan youth, and an impious demon. Whether it was merely to rid her of all perplexity and apprehension, or whether any slight thought of a remoter possible consequence might have occurred to his mind, does not seem to be clearly known; but he informs her, in a very few words, that he is a plain sinful mortal of the name of Eudorus, the son of Lasthenes. Notwithstanding, when he bade her adieu, with a benignant smile darkening into a solemnity appropriate to his christian valediction, and suddenly vanished into the wood, "she no longer doubted but this huntsman was one of the immortals." But her father instantly recognises the name of Lasthenes, "one of the principal inhabitants of Arcadia, a descendant of a race of heroes, and of gods, for he received his origin from the river Alpheus;" and the name of his son Eudorus, "who has borne away laurels of triumph in the field of Mars." And being highly dissatisfied that the friendly stranger had not been introduced to receive his thanks and hospitality, he decides that he ought to make a visit, taking his daughter with him, to the residence of Lasthenes, to express their acknowledgments, and offer as a present a valuable vase of brass, "admirably embossed by the art of Vulcan," with an historical device, and once in the possession of Ajax, and afterwards of Homer.

A splendid superabundance of mythological lore bedecks the two days' itinerary; and an inconvenient quantity of it is carried by the priest of Homer, even into the abode of the plain, though opulent, Christian Lasthenes, who welcomed the strangers with the utmost respect and kindness, but surprised them with the unostentatious simplicity of their personal appearance and domestic accommodations. It is evident that Demodocus was not well read in Roman history; for the stories of Cincinnatus and Fabricius would have prevented his being so "confounded" on being shown Eudorus sitting as a plain rustic under a tree in a harvest field: "what," thought he within himself, "is this simple swain the warrior who triumphed over Carrausius, who was tribune of the Britannic legion, and the friend of prince Constantine!" unless, indeed, it was the youth of the hero that excited his surprise;

but he was not younger, as far as appears, than Scipio Africanus. It could be with no little emotion that two of the persons now brought together recognised each other; and the inextricable complication of their destinies soon becomes palpably manifest.

The incessant grave introduction by Demodocus, and the frequent one even by his daughter, when she is led into conversation, of the pagan notions and personages, forces a protest, firm and explicit, though most mild in manner, on the part of the christians, against the whole impious vanity of a false religion. Demodocus, proud of his daughter's accomplishments, had somewhat unwittingly persuaded her to a musical effort, in which, for the entertainment of the friendly family, she "chanted the origin of the heavens," and all about Jupiter, and Minerva, and Hebe, and a long series of kindred legends. It was an indispensable civility that christian music should make some return, and it was the business of Eudorus to teach it what to say. His performance recounted the most prominent facts and principles of the Jewish and Christian religion. The world of topics celebrated in the two descants would incline us to believe that the natural day was much longer in those times than now, and that the human vocal organs were constructed of much stouter materials. The performances led to a variety of amicable remarks from the christians; and it appears that Cymodocé had an incomparably greater facility of comprehending, as well as a more favourable disposition for entertaining, the new doctrines than her father, who appears throughout, it must be confessed, a man of very middling faculties, though of much good will. The christians, however, are not continually reading theological lectures; they rather endeavour to make their religion present itself in the form of practical lessons, arising from domestic incidents, and the solemn rites of their religious worship. There was a bishop on a visit among them, whose intelligence and venerable character contributed to explain and dignify their sacred observances. When some parts of the apostolic epistles were read, he commented with peculiar emphasis on those relating to marriage, and it is stated that the utmost attention and interest were manifested by the auditors.

There was one part of the religious economy of the place kept out of sight; that is, the course of penance which Eudorus is undergoing with exemplary severity and willingness, but nevertheless at the injunction, it is presumed, of his spiritual directors. He wears a shirt of hair cloth, and frequents a lonely grotto, where he contemplates the skull of a

martyr, and sprinkles himself with ashes. As his character, so far as known in his native province, had been uniformly and eminently honourable, the venerable bishop, rather perhaps from a wish to be qualified to aid the penitent's discipline, than from mere curiosity, is desirous to hear from himself the story of his eventful life. Eudorus readily complies, and the family, with the two strangers, being convened in a grove, with a great deal of formality, very early in the morning, he enters on a narration which constitutes nearly a third part of the whole work. It is disfigured with the extravagances of Chateaubriand's wild imagination, and some of the irksome puerilities of his Romish faith, but it is, notwithstanding, a highly interesting story. It relates his departure from Greece, in obedience to a decree of the Roman government that the eldest sons of the family of Philopœmen, from whom he was descended, "should be sent, as soon as they should attain their sixteenth year, to Rome, to remain as hostages in the hands of the senate;" it unfolds the scenes of adventure and excess in Rome; narrates an active military career, in the army of Constantius, in the warfare with the Franks, with Carrausius, and other barbarian enemies; describes, and penitentially confesses, some romantic incidents and adventures in his government of the Armorican provinces; and concludes with his sudden renunciation of all forms of public life, and his return, by way of Egypt, Syria, Palestine, and Byzantium, to his family in Arcadia. Though violating in numberless instances the rules of good taste, this story displays a great deal of bold invention, and true poetic painting. The magnificence of Rome, with its pagan rites and profligate manners; the religious economy of its christian inhabitants; the spirited, but criminal and unsatisfying course of life of a number of young men of talents, including St. Jerome and St. Augustine, are described with great animation. A still greater vigour of fancy is shown in the camp and battle scenes of the Sicambrian war, and in the representation of gloomy superstition and barbarian attachment and hostility in the story of Velleda, the Druidess, who first endangered the government, and then vanquished the rectitude, of the young hero in Gaul. It was by no means necessary, however, to tell this story at full length, in order to account for some portion of the penitential severities imposed on Eudorus by the church and his recovered conscience. The author was very far, we believe, from designing any immoral influence, but he certainly had invention enough to have so contrived his series of adventures throughout, as not even to excite a question (and here it is something more than a question) relative to the moral tendency; so contrived it as not to involve the necessity of a full

pause in the hero's recital, to hint to Cymodocé, and all the females of his own family, the propriety of withdrawing. The writer might easily have comprehended that the tragical fate of the barbarian heroine, and the regrets, the abandonment of public employment, and the hair shirt, of Eudorus, would be totally unavailing to neutralize the natural influence of a romantic criminal adventure on the greater number of readers, especially when the story is so managed as to offer every imaginable palliation of the delinquency of the favourite. It is not, however, pretended, as one of these palliations, that he was a simple, innocent, and promptly affectionate young man; for he is made to confess that in Rome, previously to entering the military service, he had taken his full share of the folly and vice of the metropolis, had been excommunicated by the christian bishop, had been, in short, as much the rival as the associate of the vitious activity of St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and a number more spirited young reprobates—not, probably, however, so young as himself, for it is to be recollected that he arrived at Rome at the age of sixteen, and he does not appear to have been there long before he forgot the solemn and affectionate christian instructions of his mother, and his own sincere respect for the religion in which he had been so carefully educated. The authority, indeed, of that religion over his mind was very much relaxed by the effect of the splendours of the Roman magnificence on his ardent imagination, even before his passions were captivated by vice; and we think, the manner in which such a cause might operate on such a mind is well displayed in the following passage:

“ On landing at Brundisium I felt a variety of unknown emotions. As I set my foot upon that earth, whence those decrees are issued that govern the world, I was struck with an appearance of grandeur to which I had been a stranger. To the elegant edifices of Greece, succeeded monuments of more ponderous magnificence, and marked with the stamp of a different genius. The farther I advanced on the Appian way, the more my surprise increased. This road, paved with large masses of rock, seemed formed to survive the purpose for which it was made; and to defy the latest generations of mankind to wear away its solidity. Passing the mountains of Apulia, and wandering by the gulf of Naples, through the country of Anxur, of Alba, and the plains of Rome, it presents an avenue of more than three hundred miles in length, whose sides are adorned with temples, palaces, and monuments, and at length terminates at that eternal city.” “ At the view of so many prodigies I fell into a sort of delirium, which I could neither resist nor comprehend. It was in vain that the friends to whose care my father had intrusted me, wished to arouse me from this enchantment. I wandered from the town to the capitol, from the Carina to the Campus Martius; I ran from the theatre of

Germanicus to the mole of Adrian, and from the circus of Nero to the pantheon of Agrippa; but while, with a dangerous curiosity, I visited every other place, the humble church of the christians was forgotten. I was never weary of beholding the crowded bustle of a people composed of all the nations of the earth; nor of witnessing the military operations of an army made up of Romans, Gauls, Greeks, and Africans; each distinguished by the arms and habits of their respective countries. Here an aged Sabine was passing in his rude uncouth sandals close to the senator in his robes of purple; there the litter of a consul was intercepted by the chariot of a courtesan. The strong oxen of Clitumnus were dragging to the forum wagons laden with provisions; the hunting equipage of a Roman gentleman obstructed the sacred way; the priest was hastening to his duties in the temple, and the rhetorician to his school. How often did I visit the baths adorned with libraries; and the palaces, of which some were already mouldering to decay, and others half demolished to serve for the construction of new edifices. The vast outlines of Roman architecture, that of themselves formed a magnificent horizon; those aqueducts which, like rays verging to the centre, conveyed the waters over triumphant arches to a kingly people; the ceaseless murmur of fountains; that multitude of statues which resembled a race of immovable beings in the midst of a people ever in bustle and agitation; those monuments of every age and every country, the work of kings, of consuls, and of Cæsars; those obelisks conveyed from Egypt, and tombs ravished from Greece; which together with the softened radiance of the heavens, and shadowy outlines of the distant mountains, filled me with inexpressible pleasure." "But why enlarge further? every thing at Rome bears the mark of dominion and of duration." V. I. p. 73.

The captivations of Naples are described as of a more soft and exquisite quality. And on the whole, though both his own mind and those of his companions are represented as oppressed and corroded with an incurable dissatisfaction with themselves and all their felicities, there yet appears to have been very little chance but our hero would have sunk to the bottom of Italian paganism and profligacy, if a sudden mandate of displeasure, from imperial authority, had not ordered him off to the camp of Constantius on the Rhine.

Notwithstanding all this, the author is so gratified by the many noble and magnanimous qualities which, undeniably, manifest themselves in Eudorus, and so conciliated by the zeal and severity of his penitence, that he is perfectly willing to have given him, if so it might have been, the tender and immaculate young Messenian. So were the parents and the whole friendly party, but for the obstacle arising from the contrariety of religions. And so was she: and had soon

made progress, in a very hopeful course, for removing this difficulty; for the lights of the new religion were beginning to confuse and dim her Homeric mythology. But while so many things seem conspiring to complete a union, which, even in spite of the less honourable part of the hero's history, the reader is become disposed to sanction, it is unequivocally intimated that another destiny awaits them.

“O, ye tender and affectionate pair! at the very moment that you are counting upon long years of happiness here below, the heavenly choir of virgins and martyrs are beginning to celebrate a union that is more durable, and a felicity that shall never end.”
V. I. p. 372.

By this time the aged and declining Diocletian, who is foolishly represented as a sort of protector of the christians, is on the point of surrendering his imperial power into the hands of their savage enemy, Galerius, whose malice against them is stimulated to still more infernal fury, if possible, by the atheistical sophist, his minister Hierocles. In the exultation for having obtained, and in the eagerness to carry into effect the first edicts of persecution, this detestable favourite hastens to his provincial government in Greece, equally intent on tormenting the christians and requiring the daughter of Demodocus. At the same time Eudorus receives from the rising prince, Constantine, an urgent demand of his presence in Rome, to aid the endeavours to restrain the progress of persecution. After a number of interesting scenes of affection, and some formidable proceedings of Hierocles, it is determined that the two friends shall be betrothed, and then go on board two ships; Eudorus for Rome, and Cymodocé, accompanied by a brave and faithful Roman officer, for the holy land, to put herself under the protection and instructions of Constantine's mother, Helena, then residing at Jerusalem. All this is accomplished, and a number of striking scenes and incidents are exhibited in the narration.

At Rome the great crisis is arrived; and the christians, in their solemn secret council, are directed, by preternatural indications, to choose Eudorus, though still a penitent, not fully restored to the communion of the church, as their advocate in an approaching great assembly, in which the emperors, previously to enacting the last severities against the christians, were to grant them the privilege of “showing cause” against the intended measures. The speakers on this great occasion are, Symmachus, the high priest of Jupiter, who tempers his faithful zeal for the gods with a dissuasive from persecution; Hierocles, who, however, displays much less of the sophist

than of the rancorous and impudent calumniator; and the young hero and penitent, who certainly won the palm of eloquence, and had nearly decided the mind and decree of Diocletian. But the favourable sentiment was overruled by the detestable machinations of Galerius and Hierocles, and, after a day or two of dreadful suspense to the christians, he issued the sanguinary decree, and immediately abdicated the throne.

From this melancholy period to the close of the history, the work consists of a crowded succession of pictures, representing the miseries inflicted on the christians; the devout and heroic resignation with which they prepared for them, and encountered them; the still more grievous sufferings which providence inflicted on the leading persecutors, or made them inflict on themselves; and the adventures and perils of Demodocus and his daughter, who both, though unknown to each other, and to Eudorus, arrived at Rome during this season of crimes and woes. The priest of Homer had not been able to endure life without his beloved child, and had seized the first conveyance to Italy. Cymodocé had been driven by the vigilant and ferocious agents of Hierocles, to make a sudden and very narrow escape from Jerusalem. She was again conducted by her intrepid and generous friend, Dorotheus; was baptized in the wilderness by St. Jerome, who had now quitted the splendid vanities of Rome for the hut of an anchorite; and had found means, finally, to reach the metropolis of the world, and the locality of its greatest wickedness. Here, for a moment, she is thrown very nearly into the grasp of Hierocles, but is rescued by a tumult of the people, excited by her father, who most opportunely discovers her at the moment of her danger, but falls into utter distraction at instantly losing her again, in consequence of her public avowal that she is a christian, which is rewarded by her being ignominiously led to prison, amidst the insults of that very rabble which, but an hour before, had been on the point of demolishing the minister's palace for her sake.

Eudorus had become the most obnoxious of the christians, and was summoned to the alternative of the idol worship or the torture, with prolonged and earnest exhortations and entreaties, however, from the judge, who respected his military renown, to save himself by a slight compliance. His final inflexibility provoked the torture, and sustained it with unalterable firmness. He was conveyed back to his imprisoned christian friends in a lacerated and languid state, but with a mind sustained to the highest point of resolution and divine complacency; and was received by them in their gloomy

abode with a mixture of mourning and exultation, in which the latter sentiment, however, was greatly predominant. They surround him with acts of devotion and compassion, and join in an animated song of praise to Him for whom they are all equally resolved to die, in any manner his enemies may choose—those proud enemies, whose utmost power reaches only a few feet above the surface of this earth. One last and strongest temptation awaits Eudorus: a deceptive account is sent him, that Cymodocé has been consigned to a place of infamy in Rome, and is there doomed to receive Hierocles, and this is accompanied by a solemn assurance, that a very slight idolatrous compliance on his part should be followed by her instant restoration to him, and their happy union. The horror and hope excited by this message shook his resolution; the soldiers who had formerly fought under him, together with some of the people, fell at his knees to conjure him; he actually took the cup to make the required libation; but was recalled to himself by the shriek of his pious fellow-sufferers, and threw it down, exclaiming, with triumph, "I am a christian!" He is soon informed of the real situation of Cymodocé, and of the indiscriminate doom of all the imprisoned christians, without further trial, to perish by wild beasts in the amphitheatre of Vespasian, on the following day, the birthday of the Emperor Galerius, who, though dying himself of a frightful disease, was resolved to beguile his sufferings, on the very last day that he had any hope to be able to leave his apartment, by the luxury of witnessing the death of his best subjects. In the evening, Cymodocé receives the appropriate dress of a destined victim; and her mistaking it for the nuptial attire, in consequence of a rumour that had been reported to her, renders her lonely prison-scene (for all her christian associates had already suffered) doubly interesting. In the night, the brave Dorotheus, himself a christian, and attended by some others, under the disguise of soldiers, contrives to introduce himself, as by order of the emperor, into her prison, and while the keeper is stupified, by the "wine of the gods," bears her off to a retired residence, where she is received by her father. She at first refused to escape from the prison, on being informed of the nature of the dress she had on, and of the doom of the imprisoned christians, including Eudorus; and she yielded only at the representation of the nearness and the wretchedness of her father, and the firm declaration of Dorotheus and his companions, that if she would not go, they would stay and share her fate, a fate to which they had not as yet become directly exposed. But she secretly retained her purpose; and, after

a tender and afflictive interview with her father, who sunk at length, in consequence of her earnest request to heaven, into a profound repose, she went forth in quest of the fatal amphitheatre, and at length found it, by means of a motley crowd of intoxicated and barbarous pagans, who were proceeding thither, and who reviled her, as a christian and a victim, as she went along with them. On the opening of one of the gates, she beholds Eudorus already, and alone, in the arena: she darts in, and is instantly in his arms; and the final scene, presenting in vivid colours the horror, tenderness, and magnanimity of Eudorus—the relentless and impatient barbarity of the spectators—the entrance of the emperor—the immediate signs of the commencement of the sanguinary transaction—the unclosing of a tiger's den—and the speedy death of the victims, held in each other's embrace—closes with this catastrophe, which terminates also the work:

“ These martyred spouses had scarcely received the palm of victory, when a cross of resplendent light appeared in the air, like that hallowed banner which led the victorious Constantine to the scene of triumph; the thunder rolled along the Vatican, which was then a hill, all lonely and deserted, but which was frequently visited by an unknown spirit; the amphitheatre was shaken to its foundations; all the statues of the idols fell to the earth; and a voice, like that which was formerly heard in Jerusalem, exclaimed, ‘ The gods have gone out of thee!’ ”

We have now no room for any of the various passages we had marked for quotation; and a few concluding observations shall be limited to as short a space as possible.

The author's avowed design was to show, in an illustration by examples, that “ christianity is more favourable than paganism for the development of characters, and for a display of the passions; ” and also, “ that the *marvellous* of this religion might contend for the palm of interest with that borrowed from mythology. ” So far as this is an intelligible object, the obvious question, on a whole view of the work, would be, whether he has accomplished it? But how “ more favourable ? ” If he meant that christianity can supply a more *attractive* display of the progress of human character, and a more amiable display of the passions, we cannot understand how it was worth while to prove such a proposition. If he meant to say that, as mere matter of moral painting, the progress of a pagan's character, the influence of paganism of any given kind in forming it, and the quality of the passions as acting under that influence, are less capable of being strongly delineated, and less capable of forming a curious and striking

exhibition, the proposition is surely erroneous. Our author might himself have marked as discriminatively the progress, and displayed as boldly the hideous maturity, of the character of Galerius, as of that of Eudorus.

The competition of the opposed religions in point of the *marvellous* should be a matter of more easy apprehension; but there is perplexity even here also. For what is the marvellous on each side? How much more is it to comprise, on the pagan side, than what is *real*—the splendid structures, the lavished treasures of all the arts, the magnificent processions and rites, and the games, generous or barbarous, of Greece and Rome; and the gloomy forest recesses, the horrid midnight sacrifices, and the fierce enthusiasm, of the superstitions of Gaul and Germany? Is it, in addition to these realities, to include the whole mythology of these nations, when it comes to this proposed competition with christianity? On the other hand, with *what* marvellous is christianity to come into the contest? In the first place, perhaps, some of the circumstances of its worship in the times of persecution, as, for instance, the assembling in the catacombs, an historical fact of which our author has availed himself to excellent purpose; next the scenes of heroic joy in the expectation of martyrdom; in the social preparation for it, and in the actual suffering; and, in addition to these, the remarkable providences, such as surprising preservations, sudden conversion, and zealous coöperation of recent enemies, and the dreadful fates of persecuting tyrants. But is the christian marvellous to include also such miraculous powers as those of the first age, and not only such things of this nature as are well attested in the christian history, but also every sort of prodigy that the wild imagination of the poet may be willing to indulge itself in inventing? In our author's hands christianity is amply supplied with this last requisite for the proposed contest; for he has introduced some of the most foolish extravagances that ever popish fancy mistook for grandeur. There is a silly and monstrous story of Paul the hermit, and his tame lion, and his prophetic inspirations. There is another about the Virgin Mary making a progress through purgatory. There are ill-managed tales of the intervention of angels. And even the Almighty is brought in view as an interlocutor with some of the celestial personages; a presumption rewarded with deserved failure in Milton, a pure irreligious folly in any succeeding poet. M. Chateaubriand is utterly unfit, as an *author*, for the invisible world; he there instantly loses the whole of that portion of reason which is barely enough, hardly enough, to regulate his movements on the real world of land and water; for even in

his mere mortal scenes of action and passion, there is too often a sickening excess. Every thing is to be sentimental, or eloquent, or tragical. And not seldom he is all this, even in a high degree; but what is he to do in the intervals, as he has no faculty for any sort of reasoning?—he must resolutely endeavour to be still pathetic and still eloquent.

His grand talent, as we have had occasion, in a former instance, to observe, is that of painting; and in this he really does very eminently excel. The fair, the sublime, and the tremendous scenes and phenomena of nature; the actual forms or the monumental remains of human magnificence; dreadful situations and transactions of human beings, and the exterior exhibitions of all the passions, are comprised within the sphere over which he has a despotic command. There is, too, a pensiveness of feeling and reflection, which is very pleasing when it is quite clear of extravagance.

His Roman Catholic faith has an unfortunate effect on many parts of the work, which it despoils of all dignity, by glaring out in so many puerile extravagances. It destroys, also, by a number of superstitious rites and ceremonies, the simplicity of primitive christianity.

While displaying the pagan persecutions, we should be glad to know what our author thought of the history of the *ecclesiastical* Rome, its pontiffs, its holy office, and its countless myriads of christian victims.

China: its Costume, Arts, Manufactures, &c. edited principally from the originals in the Cabinet of the late M. Bertin; with Observations explanatory, historical and literary. By M. Breton. Translated from the French. 8vo. 4 Vols. with many plates.

[From the Literary Panorama, for January, 1813.]

THE author of the original of this work, M. Breton, was censured by the Parisian critics for saying that, among the great number of works published concerning China, there is not one which has given such minute accounts of the arts and trades of that extensive empire as they deserve. The critics recall to mind the labours of the Jesuits, in fifteen volumes, 4to. in which many of the memoirs are composed for the purpose of describing the occupations and manners of the Chinese. They observe, also, that M. Breton has laid under contribution, not only those memoirs, but the writings of other travellers, and from the whole has composed the work now

submitted to inspection;—and this without making proper acknowledgments to his several authorities. This charge may be true; but the utility of his book is not affected by it; for we know sufficiently well, that many things, when reduced to the precision of portraiture, demand explanation so much more exact, than when merely inspected at large, that they become comparatively new subjects. cursory observation bears no comparison to the force of graphical examination. And to this may be added, that subjects present themselves to an artist *on the look out*, which would not be noticed by travellers or others, not so employed.

M. Breton humbly proposed his work *à l'usage de la jeunesse*; but, the same writers who reproved what they thought his culpable remissness of acknowledgments to his authorities, nevertheless recommended his performance as adapted to meet the general curiosity of readers of every age.

Mr. Stockdale has taken the hint; and has caused the original plates to be copied, and the explanations to be translated. He has intermixed additional illustrations from works belonging to himself; and he recommends the whole, by bestowing on it good paper and careful printing.

The principal part of this work is the plates. They have the merit of fidelity; but the deficiency of art which marks a Chinese designer marks these. A European artist would have been equally faithful, while abundantly more elegant. He would have conveyed the same ideas, with many others, at less expense of labour. He would have taught more, and would have been more intelligible.

The original collection of drawings was formed in China, by two Chinese, who had been educated for missionaries, in France, and it was sent over to M. Bertin, minister and secretary of state. That officer was desirous of acquiring knowledge relating to the interior, and, as it were, the intimacies of China. He therefore protected the missionaries in that country, who at the same time as they propagated the christian religion were far from being averse to rendering political services to their protector. The Chinese manufacturers would certainly have prohibited the access of foreigners to their working rooms; but their countrymen were not involved in equal suspicion. We do not, however, find in these plates any wonderful examples in mechanics; or machines of scientific construction. Nature in her bounty has bestowed on the Chinese certain productions, found in their provinces only, or chiefly; and in these they will, probably, long, perhaps for ever, remain without rivals. These communications took place from about 1770 to 1780. After that time, events in

China broke up the mission ; while events in Europe rendered the protection of France unavailing, and reduced its intervention to a nullity. The collection never was completed, though it reached the number of four hundred subjects, from which we have a selection in the work before us.

M. Breton allows the English to send missions to Africa, America, and the Indies : but he thinks they will fail in China. Yet he acknowledges that the cause of offence taken by the Chinese against the Catholic missionaries at first, (their celibacy,) afterwards became the occasion of their highest reputation. The Introduction, which attempts a sketch of the productions, &c. of China, we must pass ; together with the grandeur now departed of Kien Long, the late emperor, though "Son of Heaven, and Master of the Earth." Only the family of Confucius enjoys a kind of hereditary nobility : the other mandarins are raised by learning and services. As is well known the present imperial family are Tartars, who obtained the throne by conquest. The conquerors still maintain considerable differences in appearance from their subjects ; as well the men as the women. *E. gr.*

A Tartar Lady walking on a Terrace.

The Tartars having, from their first invasion, evinced the greatest contempt for most of the customs of the conquered, it is not to be wondered at that their females should have rejected the fashions of the Chinese women ; particularly that of having small feet. They not only give their foot its natural length, but even add to it by a long curved shoe, which the Chinese, in derision, call Tartar junks, from the resemblance they bear to those vessels. The upper covering of their shoes is commonly of embroidered satin, and the sole of paper or cloth, doubled to the thickness of an inch.

The Tartar women have a frank and confident look ; they appear willingly in public, and are met in great numbers in the streets of Pekin. They sometimes walk, and sometimes ride on horseback, sitting, not aside, in the manner of English ladies, but across, like men. They wear long silk gowns which reach to their heels. Their hair is fastened up and smoothed on all sides, nearly in the Chinese manner. Although they use as much paint, red and white, as the Chinese, it may easily be seen that their complexion is naturally finer.

They almost all ornament their hair with flowers. The custom of smoking, and sometimes of chewing betel, makes their teeth yellow.

They generally have a piece of wove silk, which serves instead of a shift, over which is a vest, and large silk drawers, which in winter are trimmed with fur ; above this vest again is a long satin robe, with an elegant girdle round the waist. A fine shape is one of their characteristics of beauty.

They still further differ from the women of China, as the latter suffer their nails to grow, and only retain sufficient of their eyebrows to form a very thin arch.

The men also take part with the women in the uncomfortable vanity of suffering their nails to grow, for the purpose of showing that they can live without manual labour. The opulent, the learned, and the mandarins, usually let the nails of the left hand grow.

M. de Guignes saw the hand of a Chinese physician, whose longest nail was twelve inches and a half, and the others nine and ten inches; for the purpose of obtaining this singular species of gratification, he had been obliged to keep his fingers constantly in small bamboo cases.

We are not to suppose that the inclusion of the Chinese females, within the walls of their houses, is so perpetual and absolute as some Europeans have asserted. Our author stakes his credit on the veracity of his authorities in their endeavours to moderate the mistakes which have prevailed on this subject. One of his plates represents

A Chinese woman with her children in her inner apartment.

The ingenious missionary, Father Amyot, observes, in his Answer to De Paw's clever but erroneous Researches on the Egyptians and Chinese, "It is no uncommon assertion of different writers, that the women of China are treated like slaves, merely with a view to rail against the authority which is placed in the hands of parents there: but these tale-bearers would be sadly on the defensive, if it were proved to them, which could be very easily done, that, taking all circumstances together, the sex, in China, enjoy more of that credit, that consideration, that ascendancy, that power, and that authority which tend to insure the happiness of their whole lives: as daughters, they must obey their parents; as wives, submit to their husbands; as widows, be guided by their sons: but a father, a husband, a son, confide to them all which is esteemed most valuable; place entirely in their hands all domestic affairs; undertake nothing out of doors without having first obtained their approbation; straiten themselves to procure them pleasures, and practise no concealments, except of such things as might pain them. The pictures which are drawn in scripture, of the Jewish manners on this head, give tolerably accurate ideas of those of the Chinese."

Not only the works of the missionaries, whose situation and character give them an access to the women, which is proscribed to other travellers, but the Chinese poems and books prove how much industry is esteemed in the fair sex. In proof of this I shall quote some fragments of a Chinese ballad:—

"In vain is the female's apartment inaccessible to public view: if irregularity finds its way into it, the news of it spreads far and wide with rapidity; it is a fire, of which those who are not near enough to see the flames, are sure to perceive the smoke.

"Employment is the guardian of female innocence : do not allow women time to be idle : let them be the first dressed and the last undressed all the year round.

"No in-door household work is repugnant to a modest and sensible woman. The shuttle and the needle are only the occupation of her leisure : the neatness of her house is the work of her cares ; and it is her glory, either to attend a sick person, or to prepare a repast.

"The pearls and precious stones, the silk and gold, with which a coquette so studiously bedecks herself, are a transparent varnish, which makes all her defects the more apparent.

"A hopeful reliance a family has on a young girl with carmine lips and painted cheeks ! The more she resembles an idol, the less will be the number of her worshippers."

The lady represented in the engraving is of high rank : not only her own and her children's costume are correct, but that of the decoration of her room also. She is seated on a cushion in one of the alcoves where the beds are placed at night : the further end of this kind of recess is hung with tapestry.

In this apartment are two windows opening to a Chinese garden. At one of the windows the head of the oldest daughter is perceived ; on a kind of table near the mother, are a tea-pot, cups, and every preparation for getting tea ready : the saloon is ornamented with large looking-glasses and pictures : on the left is a chimney in the Chinese style ; the fire place consists of four pillars, with a wide space between each : on the right is one of the porcelain jars : on which the Chinese often sit, instead of chairs.

In summer it is customary to place in the chimney a square vase, in which grows a dwarf tree ; in winter they seldom make fires, except in close stoves. They scarcely ever burn wood, but coal, which is brought from the mountains of the province of Canton ; before they use it, it is generally prepared, by mixing the coal-dust with clay, which they also make into square bricks.

Wood is rather scarce in China : that which they fell in the mountains and neighbouring islands of Tartary is almost entirely employed in building junks and boats.

The history of the tea-tree is not only interesting, from our familiarity with the plant, but it affords an instance of sagacity among the Chinese in selecting their servants, which deserves insertion.

High and dry places are better adapted for the cultivation of the tea-tree than low and damp ground ; the consequence is, that it is frequently very difficult to gather ; particularly the best kind of it. Men could not keep their hold without great difficulty on perpendicular hills, where the least slip would subject them to serious wounds, and, at any rate, to shake and tear up the young trees. The situations are sometimes so steep that men could not even get up to them.

A very singular expedient has been resorted to for gathering the tea in places so difficult of access; it is the subject of the annexed plate, the original of which was transmitted by the missionaries.

Monkeys are trained to climb these heights, and to strip the leaves from the bushes. The leaves either roll off themselves, or are driven by the wind, from the top to the lower part of the mountain, where the proprietors of the plantations gather them.

It may be imagined that these kinds of assistants are not the most easy to be procured; for the monkeys, in this employment, cannot be guided wholly by artificial instinct. The tea-berries have no attraction for them; and indeed if they had, they could only be used for the autumnal harvest. The fruit of the tea is not only bitter, but somewhat corrosive. The monkeys follow no other impulse than that which they derive from an able instructor. When they come down from the mountain, which they have climbed by means of cords, they are rewarded by something which they are particularly fond of.

Thus it is that man turns the instinct and industry of the animal creation to his own advantage. We train the falcon, dogs, and even, in India, leopards, for the chase; and the Chinese, as will be seen in a subsequent volume, make use of the voracity of the cormorant to procure, from the very depths of lakes and rivers, that fish, which in vain defies both the hook and net.

We select a passage, which explains a particular observed in the conduct of Confucius. He conformed to the general sentiment of his country on an article of propriety.

The Chinese hats, at least those used by the higher classes, are made of a tissue of very fine cane; it is covered with fine light hair, taken from the belly of a particular species of cow; it is coloured of a bright red. In court or family mourning dresses, it is customary to take off the red turf from the hat for twenty-seven days.

That the emperor with his court might be struck with the excellence of the Gobelins tapestry, manufactured on purpose, and sent over as a present, we can readily believe: but that in general, the officers of state, as well as the people at large prefer home productions, has been severely felt by many an adventurous Englishman.

Is the following assertion correct?

A singular, and hitherto little known fact as to the taste of the Orientalists for the embroidered works of European manufacture, is this: the cap of state which the Grand Lama of Tibet wears, is made at London, and cost four thousand piastres; a new one is sent every year. The person who undertakes to furnish this is Mr. Beal, an Englishman, settled at Macao, in the quality of Prussian resident, and who is at the head of a considerable commercial house there.

The differences of national feeling on certain subjects supposed to be matters of dignity, is a curious article of speculation, which would well justify the labour of some writer in collecting materials for illustrating it. Among ourselves that village is thought scarcely loyal which has not the sign of "the George," and "the King's Head," in it. No derogation is supposed to attach to his majesty by this publication of his portrait. Not so in China : there the head separate from the figure, is an object of horror : hence there is no effigy of the sovereign on his coin. And further, with a view to conciliate veneration, the Emperor of China keeps himself very much secluded. "Were it known," says a missionary, "that in Europe portraits of kings were suspended before public houses, exposed to dust, wind and rain, and to the witticisms, and, perhaps, the sarcasms of the populace, *we should be held in derision.*" Perhaps the Emperor of China is not so blamable in this self-concealment as the King of England would be : for what of popularity or condescension to human affairs can we expect from a supreme ruler, who, besides the titles personal to himself, and marking his attributes, as "Son of Heaven, and Master of Earth," as already mentioned, is proprietor of an army, the divisions of which—six in number—are distinguished and dignified, as "Heaven—Earth—the Clouds—the Winds—Balance of Heaven, and—Pivot of Earth."

Our readers are now able to form their own judgment on the miscellaneous contents of these volumes. They do not admit of regular analysis ; although some of the articles contain amusing and interesting information. Those purchasers who find *four guineas* a convenient price, will have the best bargain in the *coloured* copy.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

CHARACTER OF HUME, BY THE EARL OF CHARLEMONT.

“THE celebrated David Hume, whose character is so deservedly high in the literary world, and whose works, both as a philosopher and as an historian, are so wonderfully replete with genius and entertainment, was, when I was at Turin, secretary to Sir John Sinclair, plenipotentiary from the court of Great Britain to his Sardinian majesty. He had then lately published those philosophical essays, which have done so much mischief to mankind, by contributing to loosen the sacred bonds by which alone man can be restrained from rushing to his own destruction, and which are so intimately necessary to our nature, that a propensity to be bound by them was apparently instilled into the human mind by the allwise Creator, as a balance against those passions which, though perhaps necessary as incitements to activity, must, without such control, inevitably have hurried us to our ruin. The world, however, unconscious of its danger, had greedily swallowed the bait; the essays were received with applause, read with delight, and their admired author was already, by public opinion, placed at the head of the dangerous school of skeptic philosophy.

“With this extraordinary man I was intimately acquainted. He had kindly distinguished me from among a number of young men, who were then at the academy; and appeared so warmly attached to me, that it was apparent he not only intended to honour me with his friendship, but to bestow on me what was, in his opinion, the first of all favours and benefits, by making me his convert and disciple.

“Nature, I believe, never formed any man more unlike his real character than David Hume. The powers of physiognomy were baffled by his countenance; neither could the most skilful in that science pretend to discover the smallest trace of the faculties of his mind in the unmeaning features of his visage. His face was broad and fat, his mouth wide, and without any other expression than that of imbecility.

His eyes vacant and spiritless, and the corpulence of his whole person was far better fitted to communicate the idea of a turtle-eating alderman than of a refined philosopher. His speech, in English, was rendered ridiculous by the broadest Scotch accent, and his French was, if possible, still more laughable; so that wisdom, most certainly, never disguised herself before in so uncouth a garb. Though now near fifty years old, he was healthy and strong; but his health and strength, far from being advantageous to his figure, instead of manly comeliness, had only the appearance of rusticity. His wearing a uniform added greatly to his natural awkwardness, for he wore it like a grocer of the trained bands. Sinclair was a lieutenant-general, and was sent to the courts of Vienna and Turin as a military envoy, to see that their quota of troops was furnished by the Austrians and Piedmontese. It was, therefore, thought necessary that his secretary should appear to be an officer, and Hume was accordingly disguised in scarlet.

“ Having thus given an account of his exterior, it is but fair that I should state my good opinion of his character. Of all the philosophers of his sect, none, I believe, ever joined more real benevolence to its mischievous principles than my friend Hume. His love to mankind was universal and vehement; and there was no service he would not cheerfully have done to his fellow creatures, excepting only that of suffering them to save their souls in their own way. He was tender-hearted, friendly, and charitable in the extreme, as will appear from a fact, which I have from good authority. When a member of the university of Edinburgh, and in great want of money, having little or no paternal fortune, and the collegiate stipend being very inconsiderable, he had procured, through the interest of some friend, an office in the university, which was worth about forty pounds a year. On the day when he had received this good news, and just when he had got into his possession the patent, or grant, entitling him to his office, he was visited by his friend Blacklock, the poet, who is much better known by his poverty and blindness, than by his genius. This poor man began a long descant on his misery, bewailing his want of sight, his large family of children, and his utter inability to provide for them, or even to procure them the necessaries of life. Hume, unable to bear his complaints, and destitute of money to assist him, ran instantly to his desk, took out the grant, and presented it to his miserable friend, who received it with exultation, and whose name was soon after, by Hume's interest, inserted instead of his own. After such a relation it is needless that I should say any

more of his genuine philanthropy and generous beneficence ; but the difficulty will now occur, how a man, endowed with such qualities, could possibly consent to become the agent of so much mischief as undoubtedly has been done to mankind by his writings ; and this difficulty can only be solved by having recourse to that universal passion, which has, I fear, a much more general influence over all our actions than we are willing to confess. Pride, or vanity, joined to a skeptical turn of mind, and to an education which, though learned, rather sipped knowledge than drank it, was probably the ultimate cause of this singular phenomenon ; and the desire of being placed at the head of a sect, whose tenets controverted and contradicted all received opinions, was too strong to be resisted by a man, whose genius enabled him to find plausible arguments, sufficient to persuade both himself and many others that his own opinions were true. A philosophical knight-errant was the dragon he had vowed to vanquish, and he was careless, or thoughtless, of the consequences which ensue from the achievement of the adventure to which he had pledged himself.—He once professed himself the admirer of a young, most beautiful, and accomplished lady, at Turin, who only laughed at his passion. One day he addressed her in the usual common-place strain, that he was *abimé, anéanti*—‘*Oh ! pour anéanti,*’ replied the lady, ‘*ce n’est en effet qu’une opération très naturelle de votre système.*’

“ About this time, 1766, or somewhat before this, Lord Charlemont once more met his friend, David Hume. His lordship mentions him in some detached papers, which I shall here collect, and give to the reader. ‘Nothing,’ says Lord Charlemont, ‘ever showed a mind more truly beneficent than Hume’s whole conduct with regard to Rousseau. That story is too well known to be repeated, and exhibits a striking picture of Hume’s heart, whilst it displays the strange and unaccountable vanity and madness of the French, or rather Swiss, moralist. When first they arrived together from France, happening to meet with Hume in the Park, I wished him joy of his pleasing connexion, and particularly hinted, that I was convinced he must be perfectly happy in his new friend, as their sentiments were, I believed, nearly similar. ‘Why no, man,’ said he, ‘in what you are mistaken ; Rousseau is not what you think him ; he has a hankering after the bible, and, indeed, is little better than a christian, in a way of his own.’ Excess of vanity was the madness of Rousseau. When he first arrived in London, he and his Armenian dress were followed by crowds, and as long as this species of admiration lasted, he was contented and happy. But in London, such sights are only the wonder of the day, and

in a very short time he was suffered to walk where he pleased, unattended, unobserved. From that instant, his discontent may be dated. But to dwell no longer on matters of public notoriety, I shall only mention one fact, which I can vouch for truth, and which would, of itself, be amply sufficient to convey an adequate idea of the amazing eccentricity of this singular man. When, after having quarrelled with Hume, and all his English friends, Rousseau was bent on making his escape, as he termed it, into France, he stopped at a village between London and Dover, and from thence wrote to General Conway, then secretary of state, informing him, that, although he had got so far with safety, he was well apprized that the remainder of his route was so beset by his inexorable enemies, that, unprotected, he could not escape. He, therefore, solemnly claimed the protection of the king, and desired that a party of cavalry might be immediately ordered to escort him to Dover. This letter General Conway showed to me, together with his answer, in which he assured him, that the postillions were altogether a very sufficient guard throughout every part of the king's dominions. To return to Hume. In London, where he often did me the honour to communicate the manuscripts of his additional essays, before their publication, I have sometimes, in the course of our intimacy, asked him whether he thought that, if his opinions were universally to take place, mankind would not be rendered more unhappy than they now were; and whether he did not suppose that the curb of religion was necessary to human nature? 'The objections,' answered he, 'are not without weight; but error never can produce good, and truth ought to take place of all considerations.' He never failed, in the midst of any controversy, to give its due praise to every thing tolerable that was either said or written against him. One day that he visited me in London, he came into my room laughing, and apparently well pleased. 'What has put you into this good humour, Hume?' said I. 'Why man,' replied he, 'I have just now had the best thing said to me I ever heard. I was complaining in a company, where I spent the morning, that I was very ill treated by the world, and that the censures past upon me were hard and unreasonable. That I had written many volumes, throughout the whole of which there were but a few pages that contained any reprehensible matter, and yet, for those few pages, I was abused and torn to pieces.' 'You put me in mind,' said an honest fellow in the company, whose name I did not know, 'of an acquaintance of mine, a notary public, who, having been condemned to be hanged for forgery, lamented the hardship of his case; that, after having written

many thousand inoffensive sheets, he should be hanged for one line.'

"But an unfortunate disposition to doubt of every thing seemed interwoven with the nature of Hume; and never was there, I am convinced, a more thorough and sincere skeptic. He seemed not to be certain even of his own present existence, and could not, therefore, be expected to entertain any settled opinion respecting his future state. Once I asked him what he thought of the immortality of the soul?—'Why troth, man,' said he, 'it is so pretty and so comfortable a theory, that I wish I could be convinced of its truth, but I canna help doubting.'

"Hume's fashion at Paris, when he was there as secretary to Lord Hertford, was truly ridiculous; and nothing ever marked, in a more striking manner, the whimsical genius of the French. No man, from his manners, was surely less formed for their society, or less likely to meet with their approbation; but that flimsy philosophy, which pervades and deadens even their most licentious novels, was then the folly of the day. Freethinking and English frocks were the fashion, and the Anglomanie was the *ton du pais*. Lord Holland, though far better calculated than Hume to please in France, was also an instance of this singular predilection. Being about this time on a visit to Paris, the French concluded that an Englishman of his reputation must be a philosopher, and must be admired. It was customary with him to doze after dinner, and one day, at a great entertainment, he happened to fall asleep: 'Le voilà!' says a marquis, pulling his neighbour by the sleeve; 'Le voilà, qui pense!' But the madness for Hume was far more singular and extravagant. From what has been already said of him, it is apparent that his conversation to strangers, and particularly to Frenchmen, could be little delightful, and still more particularly, one would suppose, to French women. And yet no lady's toilet was complete without Hume's attendance. At the opera, his broad, unmeaning face was usually seen *entre deux colonis minois*. The ladies in France give the ton, and the ton was deism; a species of philosophy ill suited to the softer sex, in whose delicate frame weakness is interesting, and timidity a charm. But the women in France were deists, as with us they were charioteers. The tenets of the new philosophy were *portée de tout le monde*, and the perusal of a wanton novel, such, for example, as *Therese Philosophe*, was amply sufficient to render any fine gentleman, or any fine lady, an accomplished, nay, a learned deist. How my friend Hume was able to endure the encounter of these French female Titans I know not. In England, either his philosophic pride, or his con-

viction that infidelity was ill suited to women, made him perfectly averse from the initiation of ladies into the mysteries of his doctrine. I never saw him so much displeased, or so much disconcerted, as by the petulance of Mrs. Mallett, the conceited wife of Bolingbroke's editor. This lady, who was not acquainted with Hume, meeting him one night at an assembly, boldly accosted him in these words: 'Mr. Hume, give me leave to introduce myself to you; we deists ought to know each other.'—'Madam,' replied he, 'I am no deist. I do not style myself so, neither do I desire to be known by that appellation.'

"Nothing ever gave Hume more real vexation than the strictures made upon his history in the house of lords by the great Lord Chatham. Soon after that speech I met Hume, and ironically wished him joy of the high honour that had been done him. 'Zounds, man,' said he, with more peevishness than I had ever seen him express, 'he's a Goth! he's a Vandal!' Indeed, his history is as dangerous in politics as his essays are in religion; and it is somewhat extraordinary, that the same man who labours to free the mind from what he supposes religious prejudices, should as zealously endeavour to shackle it with the servile ideas of despotism. But he loved the Stuart family, and his history is, of course, their apology. All his prepossessions, however, could never induce him absolutely to falsify history; and though he endeavours to soften the failings of his favourites, even in their actions, yet it is on the characters which he gives to them that he principally depends for their vindication; and from hence frequently proceeds, in the course of his history, this singular incongruity, that it is morally impossible that a man, possessed of the character which the historian delineates, should, in certain circumstances, have acted the part which the same historian narrates and assigns to him. But now to return to his philosophical principles, which certainly constitute the discriminative feature of his character. The practice of combating received opinions had one unhappy, though not unusual, effect on his mind. He grew fond of paradoxes, which his abilities enabled him successfully to support; and his understanding was so far warped and bent by this unfortunate predilection, that he had well nigh lost that best faculty of the mind, the almost intuitive perception of truth. His skeptical turn made him doubt, and, consequently, dispute every thing; yet was he a fair and pleasant disputant. He heard with patience, and answered without acrimony. Neither was his conversation at any time offensive, even to his more scrupulous companions; his good sense, and good nature, prevented

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his saying any thing that was likely to shock ; and it was not till he was provoked to argument, that, in mixed companies, he entered into his favourite topics. Where, indeed, as was the case with me, his regard for any individual rendered him desirous of making a proselyte, his efforts were great, and anxiously incessant.

“ Respecting this new, or rather revived system of philosophy, *soi-disant tette*, it may, perhaps, be confessed, that it may possibly have done some good ; but then it has certainly done much more mischief to mankind. On the one hand, it may perhaps be allowed, that to its prevalence we owe that general system of toleration which seems to prevail, and which is, I fear, the only speck of white that marks the present age. Yet, even this solitary virtue, if infidelity be its basis, is founded on a false principle. Christian charity, which includes the idea of universal philanthropy, and which, when *really christian*, is the true foundation on which this virtue should be erected, and not the opinion that all religions should be tolerated, because all are alike erroneous. But even allowing this boasted benefit its full weight, to the same cause we are, I doubt not, on the other hand, indebted for that profligacy of manners, or, to call it by the most gentle name, that frivolity which everywhere prevails. To this cause we owe that total disregard, that fastidious dislike, to all serious thought ; for every man can be a deist without thinking ; he is made so at his toilet, and, whilst his hair is dressing, reads himself into an adept ; that shameful and degrading apathy to all that is great and noble ; in a word, that perfect indifference to right or wrong, which enervates and characterizes this unmeaning and frivolous age. Neither have we reason to hope a favourable change. The present manners are the fashion of the day, and will not last. But infidelity will never subside into true piety. It will produce its contrary. The present is an age of irreligion ; the next will, probably, be an age of bigotry.”

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3 H

ANECDOTES OF THE CONDUCT AND MAXIMS OF CONFUCIUS, THE
CHINESE SAGE.

[From the Literary Panorama.]

THE character of a legislator, or leading man, has important consequences in that of his followers. Not long ago we had occasion to remark the effects of the warlike disposition of Mahomet, and his coadjutors, on the propagators of the faith of Islam. Sanguinary himself, that chief directed his disciples to merit heavenly felicity, by spreading carnage and death around them, and filling up the measure of misery among the inhabitants of the earth. His violence and ferocity but too well coincided with the perversenesses of the human heart ; and war, murder and bloodshed marked the steps of the piously valiant adorers of the prophet. A character entirely different now presents itself to our readers, and, this duty discharged, it is probable that our reference to Chinese and to China, may repose for a time, nor have we any prospect of that time being short.

In contemplating the character of Confucius, we naturally advert to that image of perfection, which he set before his imagination, and to which he endeavoured to conform his behaviour. For we are not to suppose that he conducted himself at random ; and had no determined object in view. Ill would such uncertainty have merited him the title of SAGE.

The following particulars display the *man*, in his conduct ; not the preceptor, nor the philosopher, in his school : they offer no abstract principles of morals ; nor sentiments on religion. They are minute anecdotes of the life of Confucius, recollected by his disciples, and preserved from affection to his memory. The general impression they produce on the mind, is that which attends the contemplation of an orderly, self-governed, social and benevolent person. Not an ascetic ; Confucius did not fly mankind, nor resort to a desert, to shun the converse of his fellows. He inflicted no distressing and disfiguring penance on himself ; no mutilation of his person ; no torture. He served his prince with fidelity, and maintained the dignity of his station with attention and firmness. He condescended to the sentiments of rustics ; nor affected to embitter their rude enjoyments, by opposition. What little piety they exhibited he honoured ; ill-timed remonstrance might have made it less.

He drank his wine, too, when his neighbours drank wine ; but took the first hint that was given by his seniors of the proper time for departure, the proper limits of honest sociability.

From these anecdotes it follows clearly, that we are not to conceive of Confucius as calling wandering hordes from barbarism into a state of civilized society. There were fixed principles, and established maxims, known and acknowledged before he appeared. Some of them are depicted strongly, though incidentally, in his conduct. They will also remind our readers of similar instances in countries far to the west of China. The libation to departed spirits, previous to taking food; the supposed disrespect annexed to treading on the threshold on entering a house; the annual procession to wish and predict good fortune, the observation of the first day of the month, &c. might easily be paralleled in Europe; and still remain, though feebly, or in disguise, among ourselves in Britain. The use of raw flesh meat, is particularly noticeable.

Had Confucius been warlike, as Mahomet was, his precepts and his practices would have referred to arms; we should have learned the name of his sword; and his disciples would have commemorated the excellent temper of his long spear; his actions would have been courageous and cruel. Happily for the immense population of China, where his maxims have *some* influence, the perfection he sought was that of quietude, his eminence was that of letters, his superiority was that of teaching, his glory was his readiness in distinguishing right from wrong, and communicating the distinction to others, as they were competent to receive it. Far, very far, therefore, his character stands above that of the Arabian prophet, who consumed all around him, and directed his followers to consume without remission; whereas, to remedy some of the evils of life, to prevent others, to do good, and to exhibit goodness, are distinguishing features in the manners of the Chinese sage. Such, at least, is the picture drawn of him by his disciples, of which the following specimen is a part. They say, Chee was void of four things: he had no selfish idea, no self will, no obstinacy, no egotism.

Chee says, "Chham, you know my way to perfection:" Chham says, "yes." Chee going out, his other disciples asked, saying, "What is this?" Chham answered, "the sage's conduct is affection and benevolence ever in operation."

A man of Tat-hong once said, "how great a man is *Koong-chee*? alas! that he, so thoroughly learned, should have done nothing to establish his name!" Chee heard of this—and conversing with his pupils said, "In what employment, then, shall I engage? shall I become a charioteer, or an archer? Let me become a charioteer."—[This is reckoned among the lowest occupations in China. This answer is quoted in proof of the sage's pleasantry.]

Chee said—in the early part of life, I was poor and low, hence I acquired much skill in things, however of little value. But is it skill in those things which forms the honourable man? He does not wish for great skill in those trivial things.—Chee says, “do I possess knowledge? knowledge I do not (possess.) Yet when an ignorant man inquires of me, however empty his mind may appear, I explain to him the nature of things with the utmost diligence.” [Literally “*I show him both sides*”—the good and bad, the arguments for and against such conduct as duty commands him to follow.]

Chee says, “is direct and severe reproof able to produce no compliance? Change of conduct, however, is the grand thing. Is oblique and gentle admonition capable of producing no pleasing sensation?—yet thorough conviction of mind is the grand object. With those who seem pleased without being convinced, who assent to reproof without changing their conduct, in what manner shall I act?”—“The general of a large army may be overcome; but you cannot overcome the determined mind even of a peasant.”

Nevertheless, on just occasions, the sage scrupled not to follow the multitude; nor to retain manners marked as obsolete, or old fashioned.

Chee says, “a head dress made of fine cloth was (heretofore) the custom: now one made of silk is worn. It is less expensive: let me imitate the multitude.” [The cloth was *extremely* fine, and costly; it was died black: the adoption of a less expensive material argued humility and self denial. But when called by duty, the sage disregarded the custom of the day.] “Formerly to do obeisance to the ruler below (the steps of the palace) was the custom: now obeisance is rendered after ascending (them.) This is haughtiness. Though I act contrary to all, I will adhere to the ancient custom.”

Chee, when he saw one in mourning for his parent, or one with the hat and the robes of a magistrate, or one bereft of sight—on perceiving (such) though younger than himself, he would rise; or if before them, he would hasten out of the way. [This was a mark of respect to persons under such circumstances.]

Koong-chee, in his native province and town, was ingenuous and modest in his demeanor; he was silent, as though unable to speak.

When in the paternal temple or the palace, he asked questions clearly and distinctly, only with respectful caution.

When in the palace he addressed the inferior mandarins with plainness and simplicity, the superior mandarins with delicacy.

When the prince (his sovereign) was present, he manifested profound awe:—putting on a grave and respectful countenance.

When his prince appointed him to receive a person come from a distant country, he did it, composing his countenance; and walking slowly.

He with joined hands bowed respectfully to those standing either on the left or the right hand; his robes before and behind adjusting.

Even when hastily entering (any part of the palace) he lifted up his joined hands, by way of salutation, as a bird moves his wings.

The guest having departed, the sage would repeat his last commands, saying, "the guest is not in sight."

Entering the door of his prince's palace, he, bowing himself, contracted his stature.

When standing, he did not place himself in the midst of the door: in walking in, he did not tread on the threshold. [To tread on the threshold discovers want of respect.]

Passing by the (empty) seat of the prince, he formed his countenance, and adjusted his feet. His words he suppressed, as though unable to speak.

Gathering up his robe he entered the palace, bowing himself; he also restrained his breath, so as not to breathe hard.

Going out, he, after descending one step, relaxed the gravity of his countenance; appearing at ease. Having descended to the bottom of the steps, he, expanding his arms, appeared like a bird set free.

In receiving the royal seal the sage bent his body, as though unable to sustain the weight: he held it as high as the hands are raised in salutation, and as low as though delivering it to another; expressing fear in his countenance, and moving his feet slowly, as though near to stumbling.

The honourable man (in time of mourning) did not adorn himself with light green or deep red.

Red and flesh colour he did not wear on any occasion.

Black robes he trimmed with the skin of the black antelope; plain robes with that of a white fawn: yellow robes with the skin of the *Hoo*. [The *Hoo* is a small animal in the mountains, of a yellow or dun colour.]

His robes for common occasions were long, but short was the right sleeve.

The time of mourning being over, he neglected not to wear the usual ornaments.

With black furred clothes, and a deep red hat, he went not to the house of mourning.

On the first day of the month, he chose to put on his court apparel, and repair to the palace.

When fasting, the sage chose to dress himself in clean apparel.

In religious fasting the sage changed his diet; he also chose to change his place of sitting. [His fasting, like that of the Chinese in common, also that of many sects of christians, was not complete abstinence, but recourse to a diet esteemed inferior.]

Relative to food, he was not regardless of its goodness. Raw meat he did not neglect to have cut into fine shreds.

Rice spoiled, or its taste changed; putrified fish; and meat spoiled, he did not eat. Meat of a bad colour, or a bad smell, he ate not. Food not properly dressed, he did not eat. Untimely fruit he ate not.

Meat not cut rightly, he did not eat. Not having the proper sauce, he ate not.

Flesh, although abundant, he did not suffer to exceed a due proportion in his food: wine he did not refuse: but suffered it not to affect his reason.

Purchased wine, or dried provisions purchased, he did not eat, [lest they might have been prepared in an improper manner; by which they were rendered unclean.]

In eating he did not omit ginger.

An undue quantity he did not eat.

After worshipping with the prince, he did not reserve the offerings for himself alone. [Their value did not induce him to keep them; but reserving little to himself, he cheerfully distributed them among his friends.] The meat offered by himself in worship he kept no more than three days; if it remained three days he ate it not.

In eating he conversed not: while reposing he spoke not.

Though it were the lowest food, vegetables or broth, he chose to pour out a part of it by way of libation. He chose thus to manifest his devout veneration (for his deceased ancestors.) The commentary says, "Men formerly, in every thing of which they partook, first poured a little on the ground, in honour of him [the man] who first taught men to eat and drink.

The table not being right, the sage did not sit down.

The men of his village drinking wine together, when the men with a staff in their hand, [the old men; men sixty years of age] went out, he also went out.

At the [exhibition termed] *No*, made by the men of the village, the sage put on his court robes, and stood without his door to receive it. [The *No* is a kind of procession that goes from house to house at a certain time of the year, under the view of preserving it from the pestilence, &c. The custom is

ancient, and even antiquated; but the sage would not treat this rustic pageant with disrespect.]

When a friend died without relatives, the sage said, "On me be the care of interring him."

In time of loud thunder, or strong wind, the sage would alter his countenance, [by way of reverence for the displeasure of heaven.] The *Khee* says in time of strong wind, loud thunder, or rain, let a man manifest a change of countenance: if it be night, let him rise, put on his clothes and his hat, and sit down.

MAY DAY.

[From Moser's Vestiges Revived.]

For thee, sweet May, the groves green liveries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year:
For thee the graces lead the dancing hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers.

DRYDEN.

THE custom of dancing round the *Maypole* was, we believe, in former times, as common in other countries as in *England*. In *Switzerland*, tradition has informed us, that in one of the smaller cities, under the shade of venerable boughs, stood a large conduit of white stone. Previous to the first of *May*, a deputation of the younger burghers used to be sent to the Black Forest, where a tall pine was chosen; and in this selection, great attention was paid first to its shapely branches, and next to its top, which was extremely valued, if, leaving its collateral shoots, it ascended in the form of a *candle*. This tree was felled, placed upon a carriage drawn by a number of oxen and horses, decorated for the occasion, and with great ceremony, shouts of joy, and songs of triumph, conveyed to the city. As the cavalcade approached the gate, it was met by the maidens; a circumstance which increased, of course, the exultations, and in this manner attended to the conduit; where, when it was raised, the female part of the assembly took the charge of its decorations: these consisted of a vast variety of ribands, festoons of egg-shells died of a variety of colours, flowers, flags, &c. &c. The celebration of the first of *May* was in the morning conducted with great solemnity; a kind of dramatic representations occupied the afternoon; and the evening concluded with music and dancing.

It is stated by *Stow*, that "in the moneth of *MAY*, the citizens of *LONDON* of all estates, lightly in every parish, and

sometimes two or three parishes joining together, had their several mayings; and did fetch in maypoles, with divers warlike shewes, with good archers, morrice-dauncers, and other devices for pastime, all the day long; and towards the evening, they had stage-playes and bonfiers in the streetes: these great mayings and maygames were made by the Governors or Maisters of the City, who, as well as the monarch and the nobility, used themselves to go generally to *Greenwich, Charlton Woods, and Blackheath.*"

Chaucer, and, indeed, most of our ancient poets, have had as strong an impression of the beauties of MAY as the Romans, who deified this month under the appellation of *Maia*, the mother of *Mercury*. *Dryden's* allusion to this subject is as beautiful as the nymph he paints:

" Thus year by year they pass, and day by day,
'Till once ('twas on the morn of cheerful *May*)
The young *Emilia*, fairer to be seen
Than the fair lily on the flow'ry green,
More fresh than *May* herself in blossoms new
(For with the rosy colour strove her hue,)
Wak'd, as her custom was, before the day,
To do th' observance due to sprightly *May*:
For sprightly *May* commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sluggard sleep."

Palamon and Arcite, DRYDEN'S FABLES.

The first of MAY used to be called *Robin Hood's* day; an appellation derived from that celebrated outlaw, who was, at all the *mayings*, *may-games*, and *sports* at the *conduits*, considered as *Lord of the May*. *The Lady of the May*, or *Maid Marian*, used to be represented by one of the most beautiful girls of the neighbourhood,

" Who had on her holiday kirtle and gown,
Which were of light Lincoln green."

The attendants were *Little John*, *Will Scarlet*, *Midge* the miller's son, and other outlaws. The *Pindar of Wakefield*, the *Bishop of Hereford*, and *Friar Tuck*, had also parts to perform in these interludes, which not only obtained so much celebrity in the metropolis, but spread over a very great part of *England* and of *Wales*, in both of which countries we have seen the *May-morris* danced, and heard the songs and recitations in praise of *Robin Hood*. These celebrations, although rendered imperfect, by descending through the medium of oral tradition, were, like the other stage plays of

ancient times, most unquestionably exhibited first in a dramatic form; of which, indeed, there are, from the time of "Robin Hood's Garland,"* "George a Green,† the Pindar of Wakefield," "the Sad Shepherd," a fragment by Ben Jonson, and many other specimens remaining.

On May morning, it was the custom of the inhabitants of London to adorn the outside of their houses with branches of the white thorn bushes, which thence acquired the appellation of MAY, and which it was the business of the apprentices and servants, for some days before, to procure. This, like the sacred *mistletoe*, it is scarcely necessary to state, was, in its application, a practice derived from the *Druids*, and adopted by the *Saxons*, whose passion for *trees* of every description induced them to place them, or their branches, in every situation in which they could with any propriety be placed, to imitate them in their architecture, and to make compositions of *flowers* and *foliage* the ornamental appendages of every part of their churches, &c. that would admit of decoration.

The custom of decorating the fronts of the houses, the market-crosses, and conduits, with branches of trees and garlands of flowers, during the first week in *May*; the pageant of *Robin Hood*, and the dancing *Maid Marian's morris*, are customs ancient as the introduction of MAY-POLES, which, in many parts of *England* and *Wales*, we have known to prevail within these forty years: perhaps some traces of them still remain: they were, it appears, both from record and tradition, once as prevalent in the metropolis, where the *conduits* were the scenes of *dramatic pageantry*, and the *Maypole* the centre of *gestic hilarity*.

* The hut in Sherwood Forest, of old the head-quarters of the celebrated outlaw, still remains: it is now a public-house: the forest itself has, in a course of centuries, been, as Dr. Johnson would have said, *denuded* of its timber. In the fourteen miles from *Nottingham* to *Mansfield*, the paucity of trees is extremely conspicuous. Yet this part of the country, though now a world, was once a wood impervious to the solar ray.

† This celebrated character is the hero of an ancient drama, (a) which bears his name and appellation. In this he displays his loyalty to KING EDWARD, which is, by-the-by, an anachronism of at least seventy-two years: the monarch in question should have been RICHARD I. in order to have brought the *Pindar of Wakefield* and *Robin Hood* together; however, they appear in the scene, fight, are reconciled, and favoured. It is a curious traditional trait, which shows how popular, some years ago, this circumstance was in Yorkshire, that not only *Wakefield*, but the *Ridings*, *Nottinghamshire*, &c. rung with the fame of *George a Green*; and to doubt that he fought *Robin Hood* would have been deemed little less than heresy. The description of the combat is in the collection of ballads before mentioned, called *Robin Hood's Garland*. It is also mentioned by *Drayton*, in his *Poly-Olbion*, Song 28; and adverted to by *Richard Brathwaite*, in "*The Strappado for the Devil*," 1615, p. 203.

(a) Printed at London, 1599.

ROBIN HOOD.

[From the European Magazine.]

THERE has, in all ages and in all nations of the ancient and the modern worlds, been a propension in the human mind, considering it in its most extended system, to endow some object, either *real* or *fabulous*, but most frequently the latter, with talents, power, strength, and valour, *supernatural*, and, consequently, *surprising*. To this propension may be ascribed the deities of the *Classic*, the *Avatars* of the *Oriental*, and the *Giants* of the *Northern mythologies*; the *heroes* of the *middle ages*, and all the romantic extravagancies which heated the brains of the *poets* from the first dawn of letters until the meridian of the seventeenth century. The adventures of *Tantalus*—*Hercules*—*Theseus*—the *Argonauts*—*Ædipus*—and *Romulus*—were succeeded by those of the *Seven Champions of Christendom*. The admiration which these legendary saints attracted, and the influence which they, as national patrons, still retain, shows the importance of *enthusiasm* ranging on the side of *virtue*. After these, as it was absolutely necessary, according to our hypothesis, to have a domestic hero, and the *Seven Champions*, being *canonized*, had, in a manner, soared

“Far out of truth and reason’s sight,”

the multitude in this country fixed upon several in succession. The first, for which we believe the materials to form him were supplied by *Geoffrey of Monmouth*, was *Jack the Giant Queller*, or *Killer*, which was the ancient epithet of this eminent person. Among our *Saxon*, and even our *Norman* ancestors, the appellation *GIANT* was as frequently applied to tyrannic power, as to personal size and muscular strength; a *Saxon thane*, or *Norman baron*, who oppressed his vassals and slaves, tore from them their wives and daughters, and committed other acts of atrocity, was termed a *GIANT*, and even, in common parlance, a *DRAGON*: a vassal who opposed such cruel domination with any degree of success, might, from the Saxon verb *cpellan*, be termed a *Giant Queller*, as a yeoman who gains a cause against his landlord would now be said to have conquered him. *Guy Earl of Warwick*, the conqueror of *Colbrand the Dane*, was the next of these traditional heroes, whose story, obscured as it is by monkish

legends, is too well known to warrant repetition.* The third hero† upon whom we mean to observe, is ROBIN HOOD. How this outlaw came to obtain such favour with the people in this country, as, in common with the *Black Prince* and the *Conqueror* at *Agincourt*, to have games instituted to his memory, it is now hard to say. He lived in the reign of RICHARD I. *Cœur de Lion*, a period when romantic gallantry was carried to its height in every nation of *Europe*: but it is never, by the most ardent admirers of *Robin Hood*, pretended that he distinguished himself in any of the expeditions to the *Holy Land*, the only mean, as we should suppose, of establishing a character for valour at that enthusiastical period; therefore, his fame must have been derived from a source more latent, which we shall briefly endeavour to explore.— Stimulated by the priests, although, indeed, his warlike and emulative genius wanted but little stimulation, RICHARD I. took the *Cross*. The event of his brilliant, but unfortunate, expedition to *Syria* is well known; the taking of *Ascalon*, his truce with *Saladin*, and his treacherous capture on his return, are historically recorded; but the impression which the immensity of his ransom‡ made upon the minds of the people, already drained, in many instances, of almost the means of existence to supply the crusaders, has not been so frequently mentioned. Yet this, during the absence of the monarch, was considered as the cause of the various troubles that ensued, and the general discontent that prevailed. At this period, among many other *outlaws* who availed themselves of the popular prejudice, arose *Robin Hood*, a man, it appears, of superior dignity, of whom say the historians, “In this time there was a trouble at home, though not to the king, to

* Upon the *Avon* stands *Guy Cliff*. This place is a seat of pleasure in itself; there is a shady grove, crystal springs, mossy caves, meadows ever green, a soft and murmuring fall of waters under the rocks, and, to crown all, solitude and quiet, the greatest darling of the Muses. Here fame tells us, that *Guy of Warwick*, that celebrated hero, after he had finished his martial achievements, built a chapel, led a hermit's life, and was, at last, buried. But the wiser sort think that this place took its name from *Guy de Beauchamp*, who lived much later; and certain it is, that *Richard de Beauchamp*, Earl of Warwick, built and dedicated here a chapel to *St. Margaret*, and set up the giant-like figure of *Guy*, which still remaineth. *Camden's Brit. Gibson's edit.* p. 509.

† *Colbrand* was, of course, a giant.

“*Colbrand* the giant, that same mighty man.”

Shakespeare.

His imaginary form had made so lasting an impression upon the public mind, that it was, for ages, usual to term every man of extraordinary size *Colbrand*. The last instance of this occurs in the works of *Richardson*. Mr. B——'s gigantic Swiss valet is, in the novel of *Pamela*, called *Colbrand*.

‡ 150,000 marks.

the kingdom; for *Robin Hood*, accompanied with one *Little John* and 100 other fellows more, molested all passengers on the highway: by some" (writers) "'tis said he was of noble blood, at least made noble, no less than an earl" (of *Huntingdon*;) "for some deserving service; but having wasted his estate in riotous courses, very penury made him take this course, in which it may be said he was honestly dishonest, for he seldom hurt any man, never any woman, but made prey of the rich, and spared the poor." This account, which is to be found in *Baker*, *Rapin*, and in historians more ancient than either of them, has always passed, if not with some degree of applause, which was the case in ancient provincial poems, stories, songs, &c. through all *uncensored*. Yet although upon it the popularity of *Robin Hood* is founded, what does it amount to? but that this notorious outlaw did not wreak his vengeance upon *age* and *imbecility*, upon *women* and *children*, nor did he plunder those that had *nothing to lose*; but the great moral question, what right he had to plunder the rich? has been entirely lost sight of in his celebrity, as the enormities of his followers vanish before the vernacular renown attached to their master. However, *King Richard*, among the first of his acts after his return, proclaimed him a traitor; his men were dispersed, and himself in danger of being apprehended: he, therefore, fled for sanctuary to the nunnery of *Kirklees*, in the *West Riding, Yorkshire*, where, falling ill, and being let blood, he was betrayed, and bled to death.

It is, as we have observed, astonishing what popularity has, through a course of ages, attached to the name of *Robin Hood*. It gives appellation to a great number of places in *Yorkshire*, and other northern counties. But this is not so surprising as that his story, with *great variations*, should have become the subject of many *regular dramas*, and of shows innumerable; and, more than all, as appears from an anecdote of *Bishop Latimer*, that on "*his day*"* the service of the church should have been suspended, and the people, retreating from a sermon by that learned and excellent prelate, should fly to the *Maypole*, to celebrate the praise, and commemorate the nefarious practices, of a *robber* and a *rebel*.

Such have, in all ages, been the effects of popular prejudices and vulgar clamour operating upon *mental enthusiasm*, and producing *moral depravity*.

* The first of May.

*Observations on the Oriental Apologue; by James Ross, Esq.
formerly of Dinagepore in Bengal.*

[From the Asiatic Annual Register.]

EASTERN governments are despotic; and an historian truly to detail the public and private lives of past despots, has to dwell on events which must necessarily grate the heart perhaps of his patron the reigning despot. Accordingly, in the East, men of genius have turned their minds to fiction, and thus have rendered their well told stories equally instructing and entertaining as common history; for while this with us in Europe has been too often filled with obscurities, defects, and contradictions, to the fables of the East we have no such relations of events to oppose, as have appeared to other writers through different mediums; in history, partiality tells us one story, and antipathy another; but in the relation of a professed fable it were idle to set one fiction in opposition to another.

An apologue, or fable, was the first specimen, perhaps, of wit that man in his rude state made use of; and has been long esteemed in the East, because of its peculiar safety in amusing the old and instructing the young, after they became polite. There, indeed, it is at this day as often had recourse to, as it was in the days of a Lucman or an Esop. Like some fabulists in Europe, orientalists pretend not to distinguish between a story and a tale, an apologue and a fable, or an allegory and a parable, but like as they are found in *Sadi*, they are mingled indiscriminately; and they make—non tantum feræ, sed etiam arbores—not only beasts, but even stocks and stones speak with a human interest and feeling, and render them the mediums of conveying the most striking truths of common life, morality, and prudence. Yet they consider that—

Ficta, voluptatis causâ, sunt proxima veris:

Fictions to please should bear the face of truth;

and are accordingly most partial to the more natural commerce of human beings, as more consonant to historical probability. They address their apologues either to the understandings or the passions, or to both jointly. Those of *Sadi* are chiefly preceptive, and contain but a single precept or event. He tells us—"I never complained of my wretched and forlorn condition, but on one occasion, when my feet were naked, and I had not wherewithal to shoe them. Soon

after, meeting a man without feet, I was thankful for the bounty of providence to myself, and with perfect resignation submitted to my want of shoes." Yet in his story of the *Santon Barsisa*, where different characters are conducted through a variety of events, where a diversity of precept is introduced as applicable to the characters and circumstances, or where the passions are of course excited, the moral, however complicated, is recollected and carried on without trouble or confusion. This story is to be found in No. 148. of the *Guardian*; and it forms the basis of that popular romance the *Monk*. The following is a verbal translation from the fifth sermon of *Sadi*, in which, with many ingenious and applicable stories, it is, according to the oriental custom, quoted as a parable :

" It is related, that among the children of Israel there was a holy man of the name of *Barsisa*, who for forty years had lived apart from mankind, and detached from the world and its vain pursuits. He had spent his whole life in counting his beads, and in acts of piety, and in holding supplication and intercourse with the deity. The appetite of inordinate desire he had eradicated with the knife of self-denial, and the seed of godly zeal he had sown in the field of divine inspiration. Were you to soar into the etherial regions, till you brought the ninth heaven into your view, or penetrate into the bowels of the earth till you saw the backs of the bull and tortoise, he possessed such probity, faith, and good works, as would weary the most eloquent tongue to detail them, and commanded such praiseworthy and excellent qualifications as would puzzle the nicest fancy to unravel them. And every year many thousands of the distempered and infirm, the sickly and ailing would collect on the plain around his cell, some covered with the leprosy, and blind from the mother's womb, others hectic, dropsical, and jaundiced : the whole would lay themselves under his cell ; and when the luminary of day would display his glorious countenance in the east, and the sun unfurl the standard of his splendour over the face of the globe, then would *Barsisa* walk forth on the terrace of his cell, breathe a single breath of blessing over them, and cure them in an instant of all their disorders. Most wonderful of works, that publicly he should have thrown open upon him the gate of such treasured benevolence, yet in secret was the arrow of separation laid on the bow of his rejection ; that at first he should outwardly appear a lovely picture, yet hiddenly was a carcass mangled with the sword of disapprobation : and that to the eye he seemed, alas ! pure as virgin silver, yet internally was his intrinsic value debased with an

alloy. In the exultation of his heart, that wretched man would address himself, and say, 'verily who am I?' and strutting vauntingly abroad, exclaim, 'am I not a credit to God Almighty?' Little was he in the mean time aware that it had been recorded on the tablet of the last tribunal; 'thou meetest no approbation with me.'—Acts, ii. 22. In the process of time the devil secretly was laying under the floor of his cell a train of temptation and chain of machination, that on some unpropitious moment the thorn of bad luck might, intentionally or not, entangle itself perhaps in the skirts of his garment. The wrath and indignation of the devil was daily getting more inflamed against him, while the grove of his obedience to God blossomed fuller with good works; till at length that the daughter of the reigning king fell ill of so dangerous a malady, that all the faculty despaired of her cure. And this damsel had three brothers, all of them governors of distant provinces. And they all three dreamt on the same night, that it behoved them to report their sister's illness to *Barsisa*. Next day they communicated their dreams to one another, and their accounts agreeing in every circumstance, every one exclaimed to himself, 'it is my dream precisely.' They accordingly proceeded to the capital, and took along with them their beautiful sister unto the holy man's cell. *Barsisa* was occupied at prayer. After he had finished, they entreated his assistance for their sister, and detailed to him their respective dreams. *Barsisa* said, 'there is a stated time for supplication, when God is peculiarly propitious to petitions; when that time shall come I will not be sparing of my prayers. Then the royal brothers left their sister in the charge of the holy man, and betook themselves unto the sports of the field. When the wily devil found they were gone, he said, 'now is my opportunity of plunging the faith and soul of *Barsisa's* prolonged period of righteousness in the tempestuous ocean of lust.' Accordingly, blowing a breath of stupefaction on the brain of that modest virgin, she staggered, and fell senseless to the floor, so as to allow the holy man's eye to catch a glimpse of her unveiled charms. The devil heaped the fuel of temptation on the fire of sensuality, and the flame of concupiscence burnt fiercely throughout the saint's frame; then did the hand of impetuosity and desire draw the mask of presumption and indifference over his heart and mind, so that the carnal appetite domineered, the machinations of Satan commenced their operations, and the crime of fornication speedily contaminated his body. At that juncture the devil made his appearance before the altar of his cell, in the figure of an old man, and questioned the particu-

lars of what had befallen him. *Barsisa* related all that had passed. The devil replied, 'O, *Barsisa*! be of good cheer, for sin is natural to man, the most high God is merciful, and the door of repentance open; yet were it prudent to keep this statement for the present a secret from her brothers.' *Barsisa* said, 'Alas! alas! how can we daub the sun's orbit over with clay, or hide the bright face of day from such as have eyes to behold it?' The devil replied, 'that, as I can teach you, O *Barsisa*! may very readily be done; let the damsel be slain, and her body buried under ground; and when the brothers return and inquire after her, you can tell them you were busy at prayer when she took her departure, and know not what became of her.' Thus, just as the accursed devil had advised, *Barsisa* murdered the princess, and carrying her body outside his cell, buried it under ground. Soon after, the three brothers, courageous as lions, and nobly attended, having returned from the hunt, presented themselves before the hermit's cell, and inquiring for their sister, concluded they had only to ask his blessing, and take her away cured of her distemper; but on not meeting her ready to attend them, they asked the hermit after her. He answered them verbatim as the devil had instructed him; and, as a matter of course, believing what so sanctified a man told them, they took his blessing and their leave. They were proceeding towards the city, and expecting every step to overtake their sister, when the evil-minded devil, having in the mean time transformed himself into a decrepit old woman, with a staff in her hand, and a handkerchief round her head, met them by the way. They questioned her, and said, 'good woman, did you meet a lady on this road of such a figure and description?' She replied, 'you are perhaps seeking the daughter of the reigning king?' They said, 'the same.' The pretended old woman fell a weeping, and sobbed aloud. The brothers of the princess suspected all was not right. They added, 'be circumspect in what you have to state, for our minds cruelly misgive us from what you have already insinuated.' The old woman gave a freedom to her tongue, and replied, 'that personage whom you recommended to his care on setting forth on your sports, the hermit defiled; after that he committed murder on her body, and has hid her under the place where he prostrates himself at prayer.' Then taking them along with her, she proceeded to the grave of their sister, which they dug up, and found the body fresh murdered, and still weltering in its blood. Upon which they rent the garments from their bodies, and, in the grief of so horrible an event, cast ashes on their heads. After that, they put a halter round

Barsisa's neck, and led him towards the city; while a crowd gathered from all quarters, expressing their astonishment how such a series of events could have come to pass. They then caused a gibbet to be erected, and brought *Barsisa* under it; and, whatever intercession the holy men of the city would set on foot to get him released from punishment, they would not listen to their solicitations, but had him hung upon the gallows in the most ignominious manner; and such as heretofore would have considered it as a blessing to catch the water he had used in his ablutions, and apply it to the same precious purpose they would use rose-water; and would have esteemed the dust of his shoes as a collyrium fit to be applied only to their eyes, were crowded round him with their skirts filled with stones, that they might hurl them at his head with curses. In this state of matters the devil presented himself before the gallows, under the figure of a reverend old man, with his head illuminated with rays of glory, and said, ‘O *Barsisa*! I am the God of this earth, and that is the God of heaven, whom you have served for a series of years, and who has permitted you to be overtaken with this calamity; and in recompense of such a continued and faithful obedience has left you to perish on a gallows; show me only one sign of adoration, that I may deliver you from so ignominious an exit.’ With a motion of his brow, *Barsisa* made a sign of worshipping the accursed devil; when that instant, a voice descended from the seventh heaven, announcing, ‘Let this man, perished as he is in this world and the next, be utterly annihilated; let his soul sink down to hell, his carcass be cast unto the dogs, and his brain become the portion of the fowls of the air.’”

The abstract and substance of this apologue is, that God, who is Lord of all things, and who is perfectly just and supremely good, may express his displeasure on whom he pleases; and that man has no reason to complain, though “the last shall be first, and the first last; for many be called, but few chosen.” Matth. xx. 16. “What shall we say, then? Is there unrighteousness with God? God forbid.—Even for this purpose have I raised thee up, that I might show my power in thee, and that my name might be declared throughout the earth: therefore hath he (God) mercy on whom he will have mercy; and whom he will he hardeneth.” Rom. ix. 14. and 18.

L'Estrange, fable 217. folio edit. tells us: “After laughing at her toil all the summer, a grasshopper wanted to borrow some grain of an ant during winter.” “Tell me,” asks the ant, “what you did during the summer?” “I sung,” replied the grass-

fox ; so exert thy industry that thou mayst abound like the lion, for why shouldst thou put up with leavings like the fox ?” God thus bestows his bounty on that his chosen servant, whose life becomes the medium of his fellow-creature’s well being.

In the *Annowari Sohaili*, or Persian copy of *Bidpai’s* fables, this story is told of a falcon and rook ; and in No. 38. of the *Adventurer*, Dr. Hawkesworth has turned this falcon into an eagle, and joined to it, not very naturally, Sadi’s fox ; yet I know not through what channel he reached them, but the doctor is original, and most happy in all his oriental apologies.

In the beautiful language of our scriptures, life is often termed a pilgrimage ; and we that are passing through it are called strangers and sojourners on this earth. In *Risallah II.* sermon 4. Sadi tells us, “ That Noah, at the age of twelve hundred, was asked ‘ how he who was the oldest of the prophets, had found this world ?’ He replied, ‘ like a house with two doors, at one of which I entered, and shall soon leave it by the other.’ ”

“ Like pilgrims to th’ appointed place we tend,
The world’s an inn, and death’s our journey’s end.”

In No. 289. of the *Spectator*, that Raphael, as Johnson styles him, of essay writing, (Addison,) has, through Sir John Chardin, copied, with his usual taste and judgment, the following parable of Sadi on the instability of this life. *Risallah II.* sermon 4.

One day Ibrahim Idham, King of Balkh, was sitting in the porch of his palace, with all his ministers and retinue standing by him in attendance, when behold ! a poor dervis, with a patched cloak, a scrip, and a staff, presented itself, and was making his way into Ibrahim’s palace. The servants called to him, and said, “ reverend Sir ! whither art thou going ?” He answered them, “ I am going into this inn.” They said, “ this is the palace of the king of Balkh.” The king desired they would allow him to approach, when he observed, “ O dervis ! this is my palace, and no inn.” The dervis asked him, “ O Ibrahim ! whose house was this originally ?” He replied, “ the house of my grandfather.” And when he departed this life, whose house was it ? “ My father’s.” “ And when thy father died, whose did it become ?” “ It became mine.” “ And when thou also art gone, to whom will it belong ?” “ To the prince, my son.” The dervis now said, “ O Ibrahim ! a house which one man is after this manner

entering, and another quitting, may be an inn, but is no palace or fixed habitation for prince, or common man."

"Ev'n kings but act their parts; and when they've done,
Some other, worse or better, mount their throne."

In No. 293. of the Spectator, Addison has again, through Chardin, Itin. Persic. Vol. III. 189. 4to. Amst. enriched his vernacular language, by copying the following parable on humility, from Sadi's Bustan IV. 2. It is understood in the East, that the pearl is originally formed in the oyster, from a drop of rain water having previously been caught by that animal. Conformably with this idea:—

"As a solitary drop of water was falling from the sky, it blushed when it came to see the huge extent of the sea, saying to itself, 'where this ocean is, what place is left for me; if that immense body of water be present, my God! what an inconsiderable atom of matter am I?' Whilst it was thus reviewing itself with an eye of humility, an oyster took it into its shell, and nourished it with its whole soul; fortune raised it soon into an exalted station, for it ripened into a precious pearl, and became the chief jewel in the imperial crown of Persia."

The luxurious frequenters of an Eastern public bath can, in their loitering idleness, draw Satan with cloven feet, horns, and other features as hideous as the devil of our nurseries. Yet, like Milton's, Sadi's Satan was really handsome.

———"He above the rest,
In shape and stature, proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower: his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory obscur'd."——

In Bustan I. 6. Sadi says, "I know not where I read it in a book, that a person saw the devil in a dream; he had the stature of a cypress, and the eyes of a huri of Paradise, and his face was like the sun encircled with rays of glory. He gently went up to him, and said, 'can this possibly be you; never did any angel appear more handsome or lovely? Why should mankind make your deformity proverbial throughout the world, while you can show them this face, which is splendid as a full moon? Why, in the palace of our sovereign the king, has the painter given you a distorted, ugly, and forbidding visage? They recognise your face with horror and disgust, and represent you on the walls of the public baths hideous to common decency.' The ill-omened demon listened to these

words, and replied to them in a vexed and exulting tone of voice, saying, ' My well disposed friend ! that is no likeness of me, for the pencil that drew it was held in the hand of an enemy. I routed mankind of old forth from Paradise, therefore, in despite, they now paint me so ugly.' "

DESCRIPTION OF THE TOMB OF HAFIZ, THE PERSIAN POET,
NEAR SHIRAZ.

OUT of the high road, which is fifty feet broad and very even ; and following a smaller path on the right is the *Hafizeea*, or the tomb of Hafiz, the most favourite of Persian poets. This monument also, in its present state at least, is the work of Kerim Khan. It is placed in the court of a pleasure-house, which marks the spot frequented by the poet. The building extends across an enclosure : so that the front of it which looks towards the city, has a small court before it, and the back has another. In the centre is an open vestibule supported by four marble columns, opening on each side into neat apartments. The tomb of Hafiz is placed in the back court, at the foot of one of the cypress trees, which he planted with his own hands. It is a parallelogram with a projecting base, and its superficies is carved in the most exquisite manner. One of the Odes of the Poet is engraved upon it, and the artist has succeeded so well, that the letters seem rather to have been formed with the finest pen than sculptured by a hard chisel. The whole is of the diaphanous marble of *Tabriz*, in colour a combination of light greens, with here and there veins of red, and sometimes of blue. Some of the cypresses are very large, but Aga Besheer, the present chief of the queen's eunuchs, who happened to require timber for a building, cut down two of the most magnificent trees. This is a place of great resort for the Persians, who go there to smoke *kaleoons*, drink coffee, and recite verses.

.....

How different are the feelings of nations on the spectacle and paraphernalia of death !—To resort to a tomb for pastime and amusement would be thought a strange habit in the citizens of London, yet it appears that such is the habit of the citizens of Shiraz. The tombs of many eminent persons of the Eastern nations are placed in gardens ; and where the nature of the ground did not afford such enjoyments, plantations around the tomb brought them to the spot. Groves sacred to meditation might certainly be formed by this manage-

ment; or, perhaps, the rapidity with which flowers arrive to maturity and fade, might afford instructive objects of comparison and contemplation. Among ourselves, the flowers strewed on graves, the garlands hung up at church over the vacant seat of a young person prematurely snatched away, are memorials frail and fading, but expressive. In counties remote from the metropolis, as in Wales, it is customary to plant around graves, shrubs and flowers, to renew them annually, and to cut away nettles or weeds, if they have dared to profane the spot. But none of these recollections approaches in the least towards the customs of the Persians, or contributes to vindicate the resort of the inhabitants of Shiraz to the groves, the garden, and the tomb of *Hafiz*, for the purpose of smoking *kaleons*, drinking coffee, and reciting verses.

COOKE THE TRAGEDIAN.

[An interesting and amusing life of this celebrated personage has just made its appearance, written by W. DUNLAP, Esq. The late period at which we received it, permits us to make but scanty extracts.]

ON Wednesday the twenty-first of November, he made his first appearance on the American stage, in the character of Richard the third.

The throng at the avenues was unexampled; the press violent and dangerous; many, in the confusion, without wishing it, were forced through the doors, and no payments received for them. Many ladies were taken round to the back door of the theatre, in Theatre Alley, and introduced to the boxes from behind the curtain. The confusion was very great, but it was caused principally by a want of foresight; the inconvenience of the entrance to the boxes never having been made manifest before by any great press upon the house.

On Mr. Cooke's appearance this evening, the burst of welcome was such as may be imagined to come from 2,200 people assembled to greet him with the warmest expression of their satisfaction on his arrival. He entered on the right hand of the audience, and with a dignified, erect deportment walked to the centre of the stage amidst their plaudits. His appearance was picturesque, and proudly noble; his head elevated, his step firm, his eye beaming fire. I saw no vestige of the venerable gray-haired old gentleman I had been introduced to at the Coffee-House; and the utmost effort of ima-

gination could not have reconciled the figure I now saw with that of imbecility and intemperance.

He returned the salutes of the audience, not as a player to the public on whom he depended, but as a victorious prince, acknowledging the acclamations of the populace on his return from a successful campaign—as Richard Duke of Gloster, the most valiant branch of the triumphant house of York.

When he spoke

“Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by the sun of York,
And all the clouds that lowered upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried;
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our stern alarms,” &c.

the high key in which he pitched his voice, and its sharp and rather grating tones, caused a sensation of disappointment in some, and a fear in others, that such tones could not be modulated to the various cadences of nature, or such a voice have compass for the varied expression of harmonious diction and distracting passion, which the characters of Shakspeare require ; but disappointment and fear vanished, and conviction and admiration succeeded, and increased to the dropping of the curtain ; when reiterated plaudits expressed the fulness with which expectation had been realized, and taste and feeling gratified.

Previous to his going on, Mr. Cooke's agitation was extreme. He trembled like an untried candidate who had never faced an audience ; and he has afterwards said, feelingly, that the idea of appearing before a new people, and in a new world, at his advanced time of life, agitated him even more than his first appearance before that London audience which was to decide his fate.

There were on this occasion received, eighteen hundred and twenty dollars. The amount would have been more, but for the confusion before mentioned. There were 1,358 persons accounted for in the boxes.

The following short memoir, written by Mr. Cooke soon after his arrival, evinces the impression made upon him by his reception in the new world.

“On Wednesday evening I made my appearance before the New-York audience, and was received in the most warm and flattering manner. My applause throughout the play, and at the conclusion, exceeded my utmost expectations. It was said to be the greatest house ever known in America. It was a resemblance of the audiences at Drury Lane, when Mrs. Siddons first appeared there, many hundreds being unable to

procure admittance. The box book was closed on the morning.

Mr. Cooke felt that he played before an intelligent audience, who received, with marked approbation, what he knew to be his *best points*. This justly pleased and encouraged him. On the night of Richard, he had been particularly gratified in observing the sensation produced by his sneering speech to Lord Stanley,

“ Well, Sir, and as you guess ?”

* * * * *

The boisterous behaviour which was frequent with my hero, under certain circumstances, was a great annoyance to those who lodged in the same house with him, and sometimes produced reproof from the sufferers.

One night at the Exchange Coffee-House, when Mr. Price was out, and Cooke was in the above-mentioned noisy humour, a gentleman who, in a neighbouring chamber, in vain waited for a cessation of hostilities that he might go to rest, at length came into Cooke's apartment to expostulate with him. Cooke peremptorily ordered him out of his room, and called him scoundrel, and every thing vile he could think of.

The other replied, “ Sir, I am not used to such language, and I will not put up with it. Sir, I am a gentleman.”

“ A gentleman!—You are a gentleman!—Sam!—Sam! Bring two candles—light them *at both ends*, and show the *yankee gentleman* down stairs!”

About 10 o'clock in the morning of the 19th of February, 1811, after one of the most inclement nights of one of the coldest of our winters, when our streets were choked with ice and snow, a little girl came to the manager's office at the theatre with a note scarcely legible, running thus—

“ Dear Dunlap, send me one hundred dollars.

G. F. COOKE.”

I asked the child of whom she got the paper she had given me.

“ Of the gentleman, Sir.”

“ Where is he ?”

“ At our house.”

“ Where is that ?”

“ In Reed-street, behind the Hospital.”

“ When did this gentleman come to your house ?”

“ Last night, Sir, almost morning—mother is sick, Sir, and I was sitting up with her, and a negro and a watchman brought the gentleman to our house and knocked, and we knew the watchman; and so mother let the gentleman come in and set by the fire—he didn't want to come in at first, but

said when he was at the door, "let me lay down here and die."

Mr. Price came to the theatre, and I learned from him that Cooke having sat up late and become turbulent, to the annoyance of the family, he had insisted upon his going to bed, and he had apparently complied; but that when the household were all at rest, he had come down from his chamber, unlocked the street door, and sallied out in the face of a west wind of more than Russian coldness. After consulting with Mr. Price, and showing the paper brought by the girl, I put one hundred dollars in small bank notes in my pocket, and, taking the messenger as my pilot, went in quest of George Frederick.

As we walked I asked my conductress what the gentleman had been doing since he came to her mother's house.

"Sitting by the fire, Sir, and talking."

"Has he had any thing to drink?"

"Yes Sir—he sent the negro man out for brandy, and he brought two quarts."—"Poor old gentleman," she continued, "the people at the house where he lived must have used him very ill, and it was very cruel to turn him out o'doors *such a night*."

"Does he say he was turned out o'doors?"

"Yes Sir—he talks a great deal—to be sure I believe he is crazy."

We entered a small wooden building in Reed-street. The room was dark, and appeared the more so, owing to the transition from the glare of snow in the streets. I saw nothing distinctly for the first moment, and only perceived that the place was full of people. I soon found that they were the neighbours, brought in to gaze at the strange crazy gentleman; and sheriff's officers distraining for the rent on the furniture of the sick widow who occupied the house.

The bed of the sick woman filled one corner of the room, surrounded by curtains—sheriff's officers, a table, with pen, ink, and inventory, occupied another portion—a motley group, of whom Cooke was one, hid the fireplace from view, and the remainder of the apartment was filled by cartmen, watchmen, women, and children.

When I recognised Cooke, he had turned from the fire, and his eye was on me with an expression of shame and chagrin at being found in such a situation. His skin and eyes were red, his linen dirty, his hair wildly pointing in every direction from his "distracted globe," and over his knee was spread an infant's bib, or something else; with which, having lost his pocket handkerchief, he wiped his incessantly moist-

ened visage. After a wild stare at me, he changed from the first expression of his countenance, and welcomed me. He asked me why I had come? I replied, that I had received his note, and brought him the money he had required. I sat down by him, and after a few incoherent sentences of complaint, and entreaty that I would not leave him, he burst into tears. I soothed him, and replied to his repeated entreaties of "don't leave me," by promises of remaining with him, but told him we must leave that place. He agreed, but added, with vehemence, "Not back to his house—No, never! never!!"—which apparent resolution he confirmed with vehement and reiterated oaths. The officer let me know that the gentleman had stopped the levying on the goods, and agreed to pay the quarter's rent. I was proceeding to make some inquiries, but Cooke, in the most peremptory tone, required that the money should be paid; as if fearing that his ability to fulfil his promise should be doubted by the bystanders. I paid the money, and demanded a receipt. The officer, who was nearly drunk, asked for the gentleman's christian name; when, with all the dignity of the buskin, the drooping hero raised his head, and roared out most discordantly, "George Frederick! George Frederick Cooke!" The peculiar sharpness of the higher tones of his voice, joined to the unmelodious, broken, and croaking notes of debauchery, with his assumed dignity and squalid appearance, were truly comic, though pitiable.

The receipt given by the officer, I will copy as a curiosity.

Received New-York Febuary 19th 1811 of G f Cook thirty four dollars and 75-100 In Full of a Landlords War- rant Due to Isaak Halsey For House Rent Due From the First Day of February Last In Full For House Rent Due & costs—

§34 75-100

{ MOSES SINGUER
Marshall.

The combination of circumstances, flowing from causes as inevitable as they are unforeseen, makes of the sober record of real life such a relation of effects as a romance writer would not think of; or if his imagination suggested them, he would not present them to the public, for fear of the charge of improbable fiction.

We here see a poor woman, a widow, with several children, supported by her industry, who is incapacitated by sickness from making those exertions on which the usual subsistence of the family depends; while want and its chilling train are the attendants upon the bed of sickness. Still some support remains while the necessary and commodious furniture of the

house gives present comfort, and may, by future sale, aid in animating to exertion, and perhaps in restoring health. But quarter-day comes; and in the depth of an uncommonly hard winter, a harder, and a colder heart, sends its brutal and drunken ministers, armed by resistless authority, to tear away the curtain from the bed of the sick sufferer, and the blanket from the shivering victim of penury and neglect. This last blow is suspended but till the morrow; and the anxious mother lies, wakeful and heart-broken, watched by one of her children, who is preserved by health and inexperienced youth from the cares which waste her parent. In the mean time, revelling in sensuality, and overwhelmed by the good gifts of nature and of fortune, a man, who all his life seems to have been struggling to mar the good lavishly cast upon him, sallies out from every comfort of warmth and enjoyment, and is saved from death by the hospitable poverty of the widow's comfortless dwelling. In return, a portion of his superfluity is applied for her relief; the impending blow which would have probably destroyed the prostrate sufferer is warded off; and returning hope and health make the catastrophe of this "romance of real life" as cheerful as it threatened to be gloomy and heart-rending.

After giving a five dollar note to the child who guided me to him, and making some other presents to members of the family, Mr. Cooke agreed to go to Bryden's in a sleigh, which I had previously sent for. He rose from his chair; his step was not steady, and some of the crowd offered to assist him; but he put them by with his hand, in a style of courtly contempt. He accepted my arm, but before we reached the door, stopped to wipe his face, and having lost the piece of dirty linen he had before used, he made inquiry for his handkerchief—it was not to be found; and I, fearing a change in his determination, and somewhat impatient of my own situation, offered him a white handkerchief, which I had put in my pocket but a few minutes before receiving his note, and which, after seeing the filthy rag he had been using, and displaying on his knee before the fire, I did not hesitate to present to him; but he put it aside with a most princely motion, saying, "A gentleman cannot accept a handkerchief that has been used."

POETRY.

SOLILOQUY OF AN OLD BACHELOR, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH-DAY.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine.]

LET youthful Lovers fondly greet
With song and dance their natal day,
Let them in jovial circles meet,
And laugh the lightsome hours away;
But mine, alas!
Must sadly pass,
With no kind gratulations blest;
Mine but excites the silent tear,
That now another lonely year
Hath followed all the rest.

And whither, whither are they flown?
What traces have they left behind?
What transports can I call my own?
What social bosom can I find?
I view the past,
And stand aghast;
How much, alas! of life's short span!
And Memory cries, as thus I gaze,
"Where are the friends of former days,
Thou solitary man!"

Some, blest of heaven, and timely wise,
Are linked in Hymen's silken bands;—
Have learnt Heaven's last, best gift to prize,
And joined with her's their willing hands:
With fond embrace
Each grief they chase,
Whatever ill their steps betide;
And hand in hand they sweetly stray
Through life's perplexed and thorny way,
With truest love their guide.

Some seek their Country's bannered plain,
And fearless dare the hostile fray;
And some, the growing love of gain
Hath lured to foreign lands away;
And some, indeed,
Whose names I read
Engraved on many a mossy stone,
Were early numbered with the dead:
Thus all their different ways have sped,
And left me here, alone!

They say, that my unfeeling breast
 Ne'er felt love's pleasing, anxious smart;
 Was ne'er with doubts and fears oppress'd,
 Nor sighed to win a woman's heart :
 And let them say
 Whate'er they may,
 I heed not censure now, nor praise :
 I could not ask a simple maid
 To seek with me the lowly shade ;—
 I hoped for brighter days.

Yes, I have felt that hallowed flame
 Which burns with constant, chaste desire ;
 I, too, have cherished long a name
 That set my youthful breast on fire ;
 But HOPE's sweet smiles,
 And witching wiles,
 Beguiled my heart of every pain ;
 And I have slept in *her* soft bowers,
 'Till now, of life's last lingering hours
 How few, alas, remain !

Ah ! now *her* fairy reign is past,
 For youth's warm raptures now are o'er ;
 Those visions all, too bright to last,
 Of love and joy, can charm no more !
 Some little toys,
 Some puny joys,
 To wear life's listless calm away ;
 Then near some old, neglected stone,
 Unwept, unnoticed, and unknown,
 I yield the worm its prey.

Come, then, whatever ills await,
 Though age sits hoary on my brow,
 I care not for the frowns of fate !
 And, POVERTY ! I scorn thee now :
 I shall not see,
 Obscured by thee,
 Fair, lovely woman's charms decay !—
 Have I no tie to keep me here ?
 Not one.—Why, then, without a tear,
I yield the worm its prey.

THE VISIONARY.

By W. R. Spencer.

WHEN midnight o'er the moonless skies
 Her pall of transient death has spread,
 When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
 And nought is wakeful but the dead !

No bloodless shape my way pursues,
 No sheeted ghost my couch annoys,
 Visions more sad my fancy views,
 Visions of long departed joys !

The shade of youthful hope is there,
 That lingered long, and latest died;
 Ambition all dissolved to air,
 With phantom honours at her side.

What empty shadows glimmer nigh!
 They once were friendship, truth, and love!
 Oh, die to thought, to memory die,
 Since lifeless to my heart ye prove!

ON MODERATION IN OUR PLEASURES.

By Abou Alcassim Ebn Tabataba.

"Tabataba deduced his pedigree from Ali Ben Abou Taleb, and Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed.

"He was born at Ispahan, but passed the principal part of his life in Egypt, where he was appointed chief of the sheriffs, i. e. the descendants of the prophet, a dignity held in the highest veneration by every Mussulman. He died in the year of the Hejira 418, with the reputation of being one of the most excellent poets of his time."

HOW oft does passion's grasp destroy
 The pleasure that it strives to gain;
 How soon the thoughtless course of joy
 Is doomed to terminate in pain.

When prudence would thy steps delay,
 She but restrains to make thee blest;
 Whate'er from joy she lops away,
 But heightens and secures the rest.

Wouldst thou a trembling flame expand,
 That hastens in the lamp to die;
 With careful touch, with sparing hand,
 The feeding stream of life supply.

But if thy flask profusely sheds
 A rushing torrent o'er the blaze,
 Swift round the sinking flame it spreads,
 And kills the fire it fain would raise.

TO READERS.

WE had hoped to have accompanied the likeness of Commodore Decatur with a biographical article, but did not receive the necessary particulars in time. It shall be furnished as soon as possible.

We have received several communications in prose and verse, but have been induced, from various reasons, to decline inserting them. Some, though well written, are on trite and worn out subjects, or have been anticipated by selected articles which have appeared in former numbers. Others do not come within the plan of this work. It is hoped this general excuse will be sufficient; and that correspondents will not consider the omission of their writings as a censure on their merits.